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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, Nov. 14, 1937

The Parables Of The Bible By Chinese Artists

How the Scriptural Stories Are Pictured in the Christian Mission Schools Showing Oriental Characters and Scenery

The Benevolent Old Father of the Prodigal Son Greeting the Humbled Wanderer Upon His Return Home, as Depicted by a Chinese Artist.

IN THE Christian missions scattered through China, most of which are still open despite the Japanese invasion, the native converts are encouraged by the missionaries to illustrate the scenes and personages of the Bible. These drawings are hung up in the huts and bowels of the natives and mission buildings.

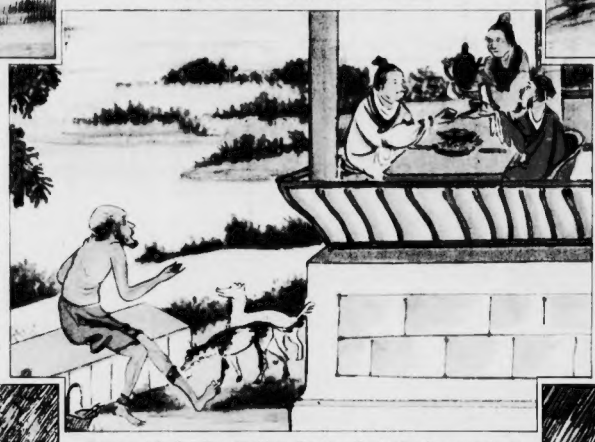
The paintings reproduced here deal with the parables of the Bible and it is interesting to note how the Biblical personages of ancient Palestine are pictured as thoroughly Chinese in features and costume. The backgrounds and scenery are Oriental and bear no resemblance to the landscapes of the Holy Land.

In the parable of the sower, the Biblical personage is pictured with a Chinese hat such as has never been seen, of course, in the Holy Land. In the interesting portrayal of the beggar Lazarus waiting for crumbs from the rich man's table, the artist has made a typical Chinese scene. In the open-air pagoda a wealthy Chinaman is having his luncheon while a Chinese servant is serving him a cup of tea from an enormous teapot, a

Chinese Mission School Student's Conception of the Words of the Saviour About the Wise Man Who Built His House Upon a Rock.

Portrayal of the Parable of the Good Samaritan by a Member of the Chinese Mission School—the Samaritan Has Bound Up the Unfortunate Traveler's Wounds and Is About to Convey Him to the Inn.

Interpretation of the Parable of the Sower and the Seed, Told to the Multitude by the Saviour on the Shore of Lake Tiberias.



parrot sits on a perch overhead and a Chinese sun curtain is suspended above the table.

In the two pictures illustrating the story of the wise man and the foolish man who built their homes on a rock foundation and a sand foundation respectively, the Chinese artist has pictured the wise man's house as a typical Chinese home without taking the trouble to inform himself what sort of dwellings were used in Palestine when the Saviour dwelt there.

But perhaps nothing is more naive than the Chinese Christian artist's representation of the prodigal son who in his self-sufficiency demanded from his father his share of the family fortune and set out to see the world. The prodigal son is shown as a typical, up-to-date, young Chinese. He wears a modern straw hat and smokes a cigarette in a cigarette holder. The artist has chosen to present him in horn-rimmed spectacles and the servant is carrying the young man's share of the family wealth in modern luggage with excellent up-to-date brass hardware.

The House of the Foolish Man, Who Built Upon Sand, and When the Rain Descended, the Floods Came, the Winds Blew, and the House Fell.

Lazarus and the Rich Man, All Chinese Characters, Showing the Beggar Asking for the Scraps From the Rich Man's Table, While the Dogs Lick His Sores, Interpreted by a Member of the Chinese Christian Mission.

The Departure of the Prodigal Son With His Share of His Father's Goods. The Chinese Artist Pictures Here a Rather Up-to-Date Young Chinaman With Straw Hat, Cane, Shell-Rimmed Eyeglasses, Cigarette and Holder, With Modern Luggage.

Barnyard Fashions That Caught the Eye of Paris

ALTHOUGH most people probably regard the pictures of pretty girls who appear in odd and curious costumes from time to time as merely eye-filling and amusing, they are a lot more than that to fashion scouts. The abbreviated grass skirt blowing above the shapely legs of a "Queen of the Haying" today may be a straw in the wind pointing to a Paris creation tomorrow. The edible green costume of a "Spinach Queen" may supply the inspirational vitamins for a stunning evening gown, and a chaplet of flowers placed upon the head of the winner of an American beauty contest may stimulate a leading French jeweler to design a tiara that will be worn by a member of the nobility in a European court.

Paris may still claim to be the fashion capital of the world, a distinction which is being hotly contested today by both Hollywood and New York, but leading Paris dress designers and fashion experts frankly admit that the costumes of the American beauty queens are the source of many inspirations for their creations. Three such outfits that seem freakish at first sight but which are reflected in current fashions are seen on this page.

Looking at the picture of Oregon's present Turkey Queen, Miss Helen Wetel, the average person probably sees a pretty girl rather uniquely dressed in turkey feathers. Paris fashion scouts saw the picture differently, however.

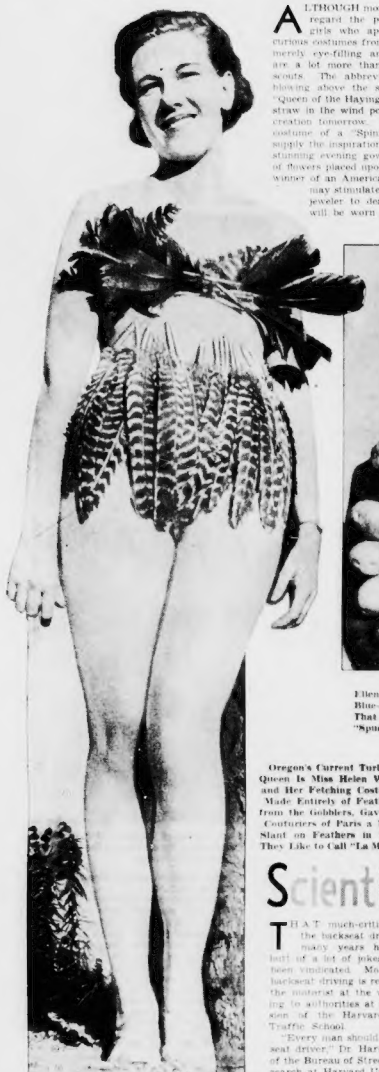
We've featured peacock and pheasant feathers, aigrettes and birds of paradise as well as the plumage of other exotic birds," they say. "Now Miss Wetel calls our attention to ordinary barnyard fowl feathers — from turkeys, ducks and chickens."

As a result Paris dressmakers, upon the reports of their scouts, may turn their attention to this type of feather and if one sees a lot of denuded fowls mournfully walking around farms with their tail feathers missing that may be taken as an indication that Miss Wetel's costume was a tremendous success not only in Oregon but overseas as well.

The rather clumsy crown and necklace of "spuds" which Ellen Harkonen, Michigan's blue-eyed Potato Queen, is shown wearing in the photograph below, at the left, probably looks downright silly to a lot of people. It didn't to the eagle-eyed Paris fashion observers, however. They saw it as a cue for creating a new vogue for heavy beads. Not long after the potato queen was crowned the French factories began to turn out novelty jewelry and dress trimmings of wood and metal in potato brown, dirt, earth and similar shades, all of which clearly showed Miss Harkonen's influence.

Another example of the close watch which the couturiers of the French capital keep on American beauty queens may be seen in the picture just below of Washington's Cherry Blossom Queen — Miss Eleanor Roosevelt, with a circlet of cherry blossoms. When an alert lookout sent a report about it back to headquarters, French hairdressers and florists got together and originated many striking tiaras of real flowers which some of the best-dressed women began to wear to evening affairs.

It may be a lot of fun for pretty girls to be crowned queens of the various domains of the flower and vegetable kingdoms and to see their pictures in the newspapers and newsreels. But the matter by no means ends there. It means a lot of money to the French fashion experts and new fads and fancies for well-dressed women all over the world.



ACME PHOTOS

Ellen Harkonen, Michigan's Blond and Blue-Eyed Potato Queen, Didn't Dream That Her Crown and Necklace of Bulbous "Spuds" Would Interest the Fashion Czars in the Salons of Paris.

Oregon's Current Turkey Queen Is Miss Helen Wetel, and Her Fetching Costume, Made Entirely of Feathers from the Gobblers, Gave the Couturiers of Paris a New Slant on Feathers in What They Like to Call "La Mode."

The Living Tiara of Washington's Cherry Blossom Queen—Miss Eleanor Roosevelt—Had Its Repercussions on the Heads of Some of the Best-Dressed Women on the Boulevards of the French Capital.

Going Up 16 Feet For Dinner

LONDON

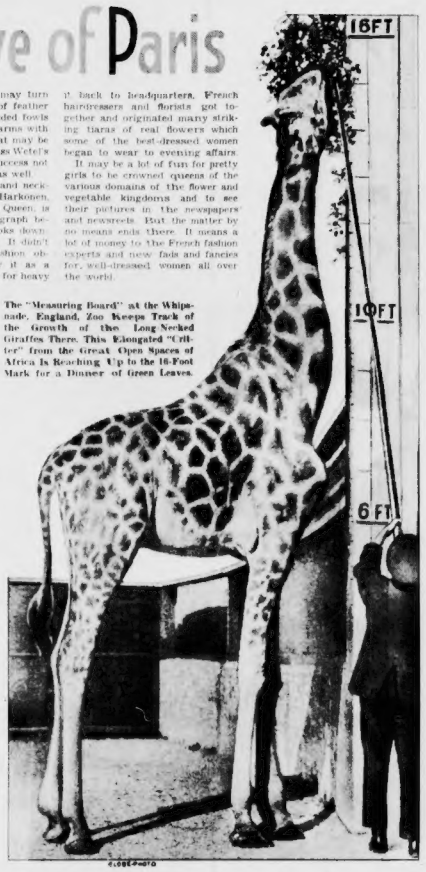
KEEPERS at the Whipsnade Zoo, which houses one of the world's largest collections of wild animals, frequently have problems which call for all of their ingenuity to solve. A recent puzzler that confronted them was how to measure accurately the height of a giraffe.

If this was only a question of measuring one giraffe, the solution, of course, would be to get a stepladder and a tape measure or yardstick and go to work. But it was much more complicated than that. To begin with somebody decided that it would be amusingly interesting to measure a giraffe once a week and keep a precise record of his growth.

Then somebody else decided that maybe that time giraffe would not be a good subject for research. He ought to be growing faster or slower than the others.

The keepers got a bit pale at the thought. That meant work and plenty of it. They put their heads together. One of them remembered that a giraffe in his native habitat eats tender foliage from the tops of small trees. So they erected a tall, permanent measuring stick and devised a means of whisking giraffe fodder to the top.

Now the zoo keepers are happy and the giraffes are measured quickly and easily, as the picture above shows.



CLOSE-PHOTO

The "Measuring Board" at the Whipsnade, England, Zoo Keeps Track of the Growth of the Long Necked Giraffes There. This Elongated "Critter" from the Great Open Spaces of Africa Is Reaching Up to the 16-Foot Mark for a Dinner of Green Leaves.

Scientist Okays Backseat Driving

THAT much-criticized person, the backseat driver, who for many years has been the butt of a lot of jokes, finally has been vindicated. More than that, backseat driving is really a help to the motorist at the wheel according to authorities at a recent session of the Harvard University Traffic School.

"Every man should have a backseat driver," Dr. Harry R. DeSilva of the Bureau of Street Traffic Research at Harvard University said recently. "They make for safer driving."

According to Dr. DeSilva, who has been investigating the matter for some time, men are better drivers when they have their wives in the back seat keeping an eye on traffic. Not only do they provide a second pair of eyes for the man at the wheel and see things which perhaps the driver does not, but they also furnish a safety balance.

This added factor of safety, the traffic experts say, is because, while men are more skilful drivers than women, the latter are safer drivers. They take fewer chances and being cautious in traffic they actually help instead of hinder the man at the wheel by giving him advice from behind.

Dr. DeSilva also discovered that college men and policemen are most frequently involved in automobile accidents but whether it is because they refuse to listen to backseat drivers he does not know.

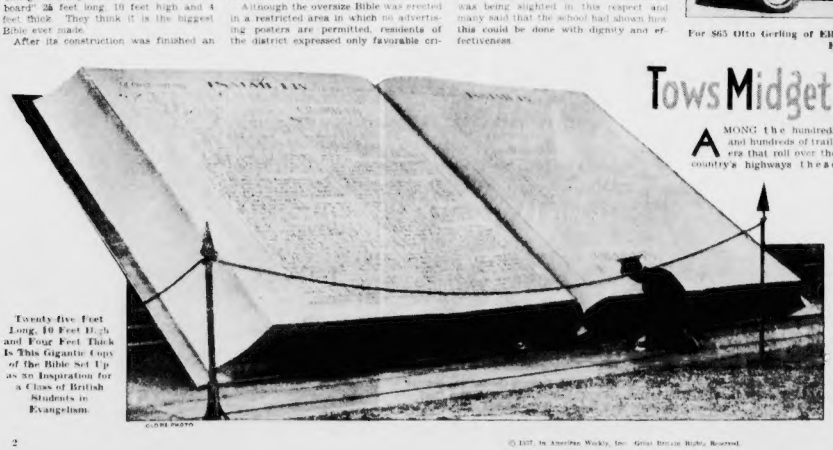
Giant Bible to Inspire Students of Religion

LONDON

INTENT on impressing the students of a class in evangelism with the importance of the Bible, the authorities of the William Booth Memorial Training College recently erected a "Biblical billboard" 25 feet long, 10 feet high and 4 feet thick. They think it is the biggest Bible ever made.

After its construction was finished an expert sign painter was engaged to letter two pages of text, parts of Isaiah LIV and LV just as they appear in an actual Bible. The work was done so skillfully that the Biblical billboard could be read from some distance away.

Although the oversize Bible was erected in a restricted area in which no advertising posters are permitted, residents of the district expressed only favorable criticism of the actions of the school authorities. They agreed that although many thousands of dollars were being spent to advertise commercial products on billboards, the Bible, an important item in almost every British household was being slighted in this respect and many said that the school had shown how this could be done with dignity and effectiveness.



Twenty-five Feet Long, 10 Feet High and Four Feet Thick Is This Gigantic Copy of the Bible Set Up as an Inspiration for a Class of British Students in Evangelism.

For $65 Otto Gerling of Ellendale, North Dakota, Built This Completely Equipped Motorcycle Trailer in Which He Lived During a Recent Trip of More Than 6,000 Miles.

Tows Midget Home Behind His Motorcycle

AMONG the hundreds and hundreds of trailers that roll over the country's highways these days there isn't another just like the ingenious portable home that Otto Gerling, of Ellendale, North Dakota, tows behind his motorcycle.

Probably the trailer is the smallest such contraption worthy of the name. It is only forty-three inches wide and an inch higher from floor to roof, and although it is only seven feet from stem to stern it has a full-length bunk, a kerosene heater, seven screened windows, a ventilator in the roof, electric light supplied by the motorcycle and a five-tube radio set, not to mention a bookshelf and other homelike odds and ends.

Mr. Gerling did not buy his trailer from one of the concerns that manufacture such aids to travel. He designed and built it himself, at a total cost of $65.

Soon after he finished the rolling home he set out on a 6,000-mile trip around the country and found that he could travel with the best of them, and much less expensively. Even with the trailer in tow, his two-wheeled machine averaged about fifty miles to the gallon.

The midget trailer is light in weight, easy to handle on rough roads and, says its maker, as comfortable a home as a man could ask, even if it is small.

Not only was Mr. Gerling's midget traveling home the center of attraction at several of the country's trailer parks in which he stopped while on his long trip, but his unusual equipment came in for a good many comments and joking remarks which he bore good naturedly.

"So you're in the dog-house, eh?" was the one that he heard most often. But that didn't worry him at all.

What did cause him some concern were the efforts of "strong men" to lift his midget trailer bodily when he left it parked on the streets of a town.

Mr. Gerling, on several occasions, had to hurry out of a nearby restaurant to prevent his miniature home from being toppled over by huskies who were inspired to demonstrate their physical power.

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Says She Was His "Sweetheart in Every Port"

But Miss Frances Mouton, Who Roamed the Seas With Albert Free, a Tailor and Not a Sailor, Claims He Forgot Several Promises to Marry Her and Asks the Court to Mend Her Shattered Heart With $100,000

Miss Mozelleeita Stapp in Indian Costume, Artist Van Wyck's Favorite "Dress" at the Time When She Went to Europe With Him, and Like Miss Mouton, Was Disappointed About a Marriage Ceremony After Eight Years of Suspense.

Wandering Albert Free, the Clothing Magnate, Who Wandered Out of Miss Mouton's Life, Denying He Ever Promised to Wed His "Sweetheart in Every Port."

East, West, North and South and Compass Points Between, for Seven Years, Trip by Trip, Frances Says, There Was Always a Sweetheart to Greet Mr. Free—and She Was Always That Sweetheart, Hoping Albert Would Make Her "An Honest Woman" But Then He Married Another.

Another Case Interestingly Similar to Miss Mouton's Was That of Thekla Reardon Who Says She Traveled Around the World With the 77-Year-Old Millionaire, W. P. Stymus.

Disappointed Frances Mouton Who Was Sure for Seven Years She Would Marry Her "Traveling Tramp" But Then He Went and Married a Hotel Manageress.

SAILORS are said to have a sweetheart in every port and get away with it. Tramps are never sued for breach of promise. But Albert Francis Free, who, it is claimed, signs himself "The Traveling Tramp," is being sued for $100,000 by Frances Estelle Mouton, who says he had a sweetheart in every port for seven years and that she was always that sweetheart.

The proverbial sailor cannot oblige his girl friends by marrying them all; it was possible for Albert to have married Frances, as she says he kept promising her all those years, but he didn't get around to it, and that is why she thinks he owes her that money. Mr. Free denies that he made any promises and he isn't a sailor but a tailor. He is president of an expensive men's clothing concern in New York and an executive of another in Chicago.

A tramp, even in cold weather, has only as many suits of clothes as he can wear, one outside the other. Albert wears his, one at a time, but he travels with many trunkfuls, all the latest and smartest, making him a tramp de luxe, well worth marrying—or suing.

The poor sailorman's sweetheart complications come from the fact that in constantly moving from port to port, he is not permitted to bunk her in the forecastle, nor can he afford to pay her fare on a passenger steamer. Traveling salesmen, actors, soldiers and other rolling stones, face the same problem of locating a new sweetheart wherever they stop.

So also did Mr. Free who must scoot over to England to see what his pal the Duke of Kent is wearing, in London, then down to the Riviera and look over the rich Frenchmen's new ideas in clothes, followed by a quick trip through Austria, in order to judge whether Prince Starhenberg's new and voluminous pants would be suitable for American consumption.

A different sweetheart in every port has many disadvantages mostly due to unavoidable neglect for long periods. Oriental spendthrifts carry large parts of their harems on tour, and Mr. Free could have stood the expense of at least one permanent traveling sweetheart. But the "Traveling Tramp," so Miss Mouton infers, was too smart a business man to take on an overhead like that if he could find one willing to pay her own expenses.

Miss Mouton says that Free had the genius to find a woman who traveled free, because she had her expenses paid for her anyway by a third party and that woman was herself. Frances' job, as buyer for a women's wear store in New York, is the feminine equivalent of Albert's. By a little management they could just as well travel together much of the time. For instance, while he was sizing up the attire of such a person as the present Duke of Windsor, she could be appraising Wally's outfit, each legitimately charging up transportation and everything on his or her expense account.

But his greatest genius, if her story is to be believed, would appear to be in the way he stalled off the fair creditor from collecting that debt of marriage he is alleged to have owed her for seven years and on which he might still be getting 90-day extensions, if he hadn't opened her eyes by marrying another.

Miss Mouton is a lady of refined appearance—she says so herself, under oath. Her complaint against the procrastinating Mr. Free goes on to say:

"In February, 1928, while on one of her regular buying trips to France, plaintiff was introduced to defendant at the home of Lucien Lecompte. Free said he was a widower, that his wife died a month prior to the meeting.

"About four months after the parties became acquainted, the friendship ripened, became closer and more intimate, and the defendant became more ardent in his attentions and protested his love for the plaintiff. He continuously protested his undying love and affection and promised the plaintiff that as soon as the mourning period for the loss of his wife was ended, he would marry the plaintiff. Plaintiff relied upon his promise of marriage, and because of his importunate entreaties the defendant did claim of the plaintiff marital privileges and persuaded the plaintiff to yield to his demands.

"During the summer of 1928, the plaintiff was required to make another business trip to France and defendant followed and spent three weeks at her apartment and lived with the plaintiff as husband and wife. Thereafter plaintiff and defendant returned to America and defendant visited plaintiff at her apartment and stayed overnight on frequent occasions. In February, 1929, by pre-arrangement he had another rendezvous at the Carlton Hotel, at Cannes. We returned to the United States and the courtship continued."

According to the complaint, they went on more trips together which took in various places including Switzerland. All this time she was not pressing for payment of that alleged promissory matrimonial note because payment would not be due until 1930, when he could marry without disrespect to his wife's memory. But, in January of that year he was mourning the loss of his fortune, lost in the 1929 crash, and won another extension. A wife was too expensive a luxury under the circumstances, apparently he could still afford a sweetheart.

The complaint mentions visiting more and more places together and that they were so chummy as to have him park some of his wardrobe in her New York apartment. This state of things is supposed to have gone on through 1931 and into 1932 when Frances says Mr. Free made himself at home in her apartment in a fashionable Chicago hotel. If Frances had not yet realized that all was not quite as it should be, the hotel management had more imagination and, she says, expelled them.

This or something moved Miss Mouton to ask about that marriage bill and she says he promised to attend to the overdue account not later than the next December, when her contract with a Chicago department store would expire. Then they would go on a honeymoon to the Pacific Coast, but, alas, when the due date arrived he had suffered more losses in the market, requiring another postponement. During this time she was his alleged sweetheart in Miami, Canada, Nassau, Havana and other places.

Miss Mouton states that her delinquent marriage ring debtor promised positively to marry her in the spring of 1935, whether he could afford to or not. But in May of that year, when she demanded settlement, he repudiated the debt entirely by marrying Maude Loretta Nellinger, manageress of the Hotel New Yorker.

Frances may be slow to anger, but once she gets that way, the blood of her famous ancestor, the Confederate leader, General Alfred Mouton, moves her to action. Quick as lightning she counter-attacked with that $100,000 breach-of-promise suit, just in time to beat the deadline forbidding any more heart-balm suits in New York State.

Against the spirit of old General Mouton, Alfred sent in General Denial and then sailed away on a honeymoon to Scotland, where parting with such a sum of money is unthinkable. A general denial would mean that he had not known her intimately at any of the places she names, nor paid her ardent court at any time or place. Recently Miss Mouton asked for a preliminary examination of Mr. Free to determine his financial standing during those seven lean years and to determine her social standing before, as she puts it: "she was branded by the defendant's cruel conduct as a woman who has sold her soul."

At that time Miss Mouton announced that she had over 400 written communications which showed that when the sweetheart was not in one of his ports of call he made love to her by cable, wire and radio. Also she says, that he had standing orders with florists in various parts of the world to keep her supplied with orchids wherever she went and that he showered her with most every sort of valuable gift except that little plain, gold ring. If this is all true, and he denies it, Mr. Free seems at least to have kept up the interest on the debt.

Frances' pet name was "Brown Eyes," and in some of the communications he is said to have signed himself "The Traveling Tramp," but in the ones she gave out, all received in Miami, he is mostly "The Reaching Hand." When the suit shortly comes to trial Frances no doubt will explain about the "hand" which reached once too often and placed a wedding ring on another girl's finger.

"Good morning," reads one telegram, "and where is that city? I am remembering, Cannes, yes. Monteaux twice. San Juan and how! Can't place Miami, but am reaching and hoping. Trust all is as you wish it.

"THE REACHING HAND."

This, she says, means that he had fond recollections of times they had spent together in the various cities mentioned, and was looking forward to Miami.

This one was signed "Al":

"Good morning, Brown Eyes, loved your letter though I cannot write, but wire yes to say I miss you. Remembering our New York and Chicago and Juan and Monteaux, things no better, but soon, hope."

"Things no better," she explains as his constant theme song of bad business to forestall her suggestions of marriage. "Hope" needs no explanation that is what sprang eternal in Frances' breast.

Most of these messages are unpunctuated and the judge and jury should have a free-for-all trying to decipher them. If Frances can't collect any other way, she might publish them in book form as a kind of game, like cross-word puzzles.

To go on tour with a fiancee seems to make procrastinators of men in the marriage line. There was Mozelleeita Stapp, Ziegfeld show girl, who went to Europe with Prescott Van Wyck artist, millionaire and descendant of New York City's first Mayor. The idea was to get married at the first opportunity, but for eight years, one longer than Frances' suspense, something always got in the way.

In Paris a lot of needy artists whom Prescott was feeding, talked him out of it for a while. They went to Spain, but she caught him reading her diary and was the mail to get married. Back in Paris, both were willing but Prescott had to go to Africa to see about buying a horse. They decided to celebrate the nuptials in Brussels, but a holiday train schedule made them so late that the minister locked up the church and took a day off.

In Italy they were too broke. In England there was too much red tape and in Mexico City Mozelleeita put it off so she could win a couple of beauty contests for unmarried girls. The last straw came in Paris, when both were sober, dressed up and ready to go to the church together, only to have everything spoiled by Prescott's Indian valet, who chose this occasion to commit suicide. After that he gave up and married Lolita Corinha, first proving his serious intentions by blacking her eye with his fist. Mr. Van Wyck, just the other day, accused Lolita of bigamy, saying that she had previously married a man in London.

Thekla Reardon, beautiful blonde ex-movie actress, says she was lured around the world not by promises of matrimony but under the terms of an alleged unwritten agreement wherein she offered her services as nurse and companion to the venerable millionaire, W. P. Stymus, famous interior decorator for such people as John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie.

When they got back he fired her and she sued for breach of unwritten contract. Mr. Stymus replied that she had never been anything to him but a mistress. Since there are eight definitions in the dictionary, only one of them making it a "fighting word," Miss Reardon is not quite sure how much to consider herself insulted.

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Made a Pet of the Deadly Python

A FULL-GROWN Malayan python is powerful enough to crush an ox and these awe-inspiring serpents, which sometimes exceed thirty feet in length, have been known to swallow goats, horns and all. But none of this matters to little K'ang, the daughter of a Moro chieftain on the Sulu Archipelago. She has a 20-foot python for a playmate and she isn't the least bit afraid of it, as the remarkable photograph on this page shows.

A member of a scientific expedition came upon K'ang and her pet a few weeks ago when passing through a Moro village and took their pictures.

"In spite of the fact that the python's head was peacefully resting on the little girl's shoulder, it fairly gave me the creeps to approach them," he admitted.

"The big snake's powerful coils were wrapped loosely around her body and there was no doubt that it was in repose. If it should suddenly take alarm or become angry, a constricting of its coils would crush the life out of the frail body of the little girl as quickly as a candle light is snuffed out by a gust of wind."

But the chief told him that his fears had been needless. The python and his little daughter were firm friends and they had played together since she was a baby.

K'ang had found the big snake when she was little more than two years old and "found" is just the word for it. She was toddling around beneath a shady tree in front of her father's house when she steadied herself against what appeared to be a large vine hanging straight down from a branch.

The vine had come to life, apparently, for when the chief rushed out in response to the shrieks of several women he found that K'ang was in the python's coils. The python was sleepy and peaceful and K'ang was prattling happily and pummeling it with both baby fists.

"It is the will of Allah," the Moro headman — a strict Mohammedan — told the frightened women, and he made no attempt to dislodge K'ang. He knew that to do so might antagonize the python.

It seemed to have a genuine affection for the little girl and came back so often to visit her that now the sight of the two together is no longer a novelty to the villagers, although it is enough to make a stranger's hair stand on end and send him running away from there.

Twenty-Eight of the 700 Pieces in the World's Finest and Tiniest Set of Porcelain Dishes.

The World Is Full of Strange Friendships Between Humans and Members of the Animal Kingdom, but This Little Moro Girl, Who Lives in the Sulu Archipelago, Seems to Have Top Honors in This Field All to Herself. Her Equivalent of a Cat, a Dog, or a Doll Baby Is a Full-Grown Python. The Serpent Is as Affectionate as a Kitten With Its Little Slant-Eyed, Black-Haired Mistress.

Dishes the Little Lilliputians Could Use

WHEN Adolph Hitler and the bigwigs of the Nazi regime dine in high style, their dinner is laid before them on dishes from the old and world-famous pottery works at Meissen, in Saxony. The German barons of other days prided themselves on their porcelain from Meissen and the makers were talented craftsmen who spent their lives perfecting their art.

There are in Germany today thousands of sets of Meissen porcelain, some of them museum pieces that cannot be bought for any price. But of all these not one set is an exact duplicate of the minuscule dishes shown in the photograph above.

They are the handiwork of Otto Kretschmer, one of the ablest workers in porcelain in the world. Herr Kretschmer spent more than five years of his spare time designing and fashioning a complete service of some 700 pieces. Only 28 pieces of the set are shown in the photograph.

Every plate, cup, pitcher and saucer is exactly one-tenth normal size and is a work of art done with patient skill. To the last blossom and leaf ornamenting the remarkable set of dishes, which might have come in handy to the Lilliputians in "Gulliver's Travels," the details are accurate and artistic.

Several wealthy collectors of porcelain have tried to buy the set but so far the heads of the State Porcelain Works at Meissen have declined to sell. The artistic oddities are displayed in a special cabinet.

The salt and pepper shakers and the butter dishes are less than one-sixteenth of an inch across.

Last Word in Sports Outfits

PRESS agents sit up far into the night thinking up ingenious ideas for pictures, but the costume recently worn by Miss Ethel Bilais of San Francisco when she vacationed at Sun Valley, Idaho, undoubtedly was inspired by the nightmare of a highly imaginative publicity man.

The resulting photograph shows Miss Bilais as she might be found on a sportsman's holiday, or as she might equip herself for most of the outdoor sports that are indulged in at Sun Valley and elsewhere.

Looking from top to bottom, the accessories and accouterments that clutter up her shapely form consist of a four-quart hat, which leads off with a Western atmosphere, and a bathing suit.

In her left hand Miss Bilais holds a tennis racquet, incidentally to illustrate the old proverb, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." In this case the right hand is holding a fishing rod and reel.

Over her chest she carries an archery bow which, the press agent insists, may be used to scare the tennis ball that eludes her racket or the trout that gets away from her hook. Then if that doesn't do the business, maybe the revolver slung around her waist will. The surprisingly outfitted queen of sport wears a fishing boot on her left foot and a cowboy boot on the right, in case she decides to charge horses in mid-stream, and a pair of skis to keep her afloat while doing so.

Impractical as This Get-up Might Be to a Young Woman Bent Upon Getting Some Exercise, It Does Include the Clothes and Equipment for Half a Dozen Popular Pastimes. The Wearer Is Miss Ethel Bilais, of San Francisco.

World's Smallest Working Bus

ERNIE JOHNSTONE drives a bus for a living and makes models of buses as a hobby. He is so interested in busy both that it is difficult to tell where business ends and the hobby begins, for when he is operating or working on one, he is always thinking of ways to improve the other.

He has made several miniature buses during the past few years, using odds and ends including old tins, scrap iron, scrap wood and junk for the purpose. His latest model, however, is probably the world's smallest working bus. It has a motorcycle engine to drive it, is fully enclosed and can carry two youngsters as passengers in addition to the operator.

Ernie Johnston, a Bus Driver of Brighton, England, Made This Miniature Model of a London Lorry in His Spare Time. It's a Perfect Copy and Makes Good Speed on Small Gasoline Consumption.

Scientists Study High Cost of Dying

NOT only does an Englishman have to worry about living expenses but the high cost of dying is also a grave problem in more ways than one. Herman Levy, one of Great Britain's leading economists, recently told the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

"In England, under present conditions, a man must have 20 to 25 pounds, or between $100 and $125 in order to consider dying," he pointed out. "While in Switzerland the entire cost of burials is state-controlled. There a banker lies next to a laborer in an unostentatious grave and no man worries about winding up in a swanky cemetery."

Mr. Levy believes that if the Swiss system of burial were adopted in England, the burden of funeral costs on the relatives of the deceased would be greatly lessened and they would not incur some of the unnecessary expenses which they now do out of respect for the dead.

The funeral system which he is now urging the scientists to investigate has been in operation in Swiss cantons since 1890, under an article of the Federal Constitution which enables municipalities to establish free communal burial service. Services are simple and uniform for all persons and free to everyone hosting certificate of residence regardless of their citizenship.

Gave Their Dog a Hero's Funeral

"SPARE RIB" never won a blue at a dog show. He didn't have the slightest claim to aristocratic canine blood. He was ugly to look at and he stayed long and lonely in barracks when it was too cold to sleep out-of-doors.

Nevertheless, as a result of the army post at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, he was a favorite of every officer and enlisted man. He was an army dog and proud of it.

The other day Spare Rib didn't turn out at inspection. "The pooch is slipping," said the first sergeant good-naturedly. But when he didn't show up at reveille the next morning either, he was marked A.W.O.L. on the company roster.

Later that day, Spare Rib's prolonged absence was explained. A rookie found him along the railroad right of way where he had been tossed by a train.

When it heard what had happened, the entire post mourned and a full military funeral was arranged. Five guns boomed, flags fluttered at half mast, and as a small coffin draped with an American flag was lowered into a grave along Letory Creek, taps for "Spare Rib" was blown for the last time.

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Strange Experiences No One Can Solve—Or Can They?

The Neighbor's Wife Dreamed That Her Brother Had Killed Himself—

—And There in the Haymow, in the Exact Position of Her Dream, She Found Her Brother's Body.

Puzzling Things That Happen and Are Thought Supernatural, But Which Science Now Believes Are Due to Natural Laws Not Yet Understood

PROFESSOR J. B. RHINE, of Duke University, foremost scientific student of events once called occult or supernatural, has just published a book describing the Duke University experiments on the new scientific equivalent of mind reading, telepathy or "second sight" christened Extra-Sensory Perception, or ESP.

In this book Dr. Rhine tells the story of an experience, not his own, which first attracted his attention to the scientific investigations for which he has become famous. It is an experience matched by hundreds of thousands of others reported through the centuries, something of a kind that orthodox science always has failed to explain, or to explain away. It was told to Professor Rhine when he was a student, by a trusted and respected instructor in science.

One night when this professor was a youngster a neighbor came to the house of the future professor's father asking loan of a horse and buggy because the neighbor's wife had had a dream. In this dream she had seen her brother, who lived in another village a few miles away, come home, unhitch his horse, go to the haymow of the barn and shoot himself with a pistol. She even saw the lifeless body roll over in the hay and down a slight incline into a corner.

The professor's father, although not much impressed, was a good neighbor and respectful of his friend's distress. He immediately hitched up a horse and buggy and drove before the days either of automobiles or telephones, and the anxious neighbor and his wife drove off. Reaching the brother's house, they found his wife unconcerned and still awaiting his return. Going to the barn, they found the team unhitched and in the corner of the haymow, at the bottom of a slight incline, the body of the suicide, exactly as the dream had shown.

That was one of the things that started young Dr. Rhine, then a botanist rather than a psychologist, to investigating such inexplicable events. Since he has succeeded, the readers of The American Weekly already know, in convincing many equally skeptical and careful scientists that mysterious knowledge of things happening at a distance actually can be acquired.

In the ESP experiments which have attracted so much scientific attention, series of cards shaped like playing cards are laid out on a table with their symbols unseen. The person being tested tries to guess these symbols without seeing them. The remarkable fact is that some people are able to guess correctly many more of these symbols that can be explained by chance. The conclusion is that these people get knowledge of the cards by some means not needing the ordinary senses, that is, by Extra-Sensory Perception.

Nothing supernatural is assumed. Professor Rhine's idea is that this ability is possessed in some degree by nearly all human minds if not by all of them, although a relatively few have the ability highly developed. All of which together with the details of the strictly scientific experiments believed to support this conclusion, are described in his new book, "New Frontiers of the Mind."

What is especially interesting is that any such ability at ESP might explain the dream about the haymow as well as thousands of similar incidents. If it is possible for a student in the Duke University laboratories to perceive what is on the invisible side of a test card, it should be equally possible for the mind of the farmer's wife to perceive in some similar and no more mysterious way what was happening in the haymow of her brother's barn.

Incidents of such seeming mysterious knowledge usually have received one or two explanations. One is the believer's explanation or the skeptic's explanation. To these Professor Rhine's work adds a possible third, the ESP explanation. Following are some other cases, the facts about which are well attested. The interested reader will find the explanations at the end of the article.

Quaint Old Drawing of the Centurion Arriving at the House of Saint Peter, Described in Case 1.

(At the Left), Dean Swift, Who Described the Six Undiscovered Moons of Mars in "Gulliver's Travels."

Emanuel Swedenborg, the Seventeenth Century Mystical Philosopher, Who Told of a Great Fire in Stockholm, Although 300 Miles Away at the Time.

CASE 1—How the Centurion Knew Where to Go.

This comes from no less an authority than the Bible. In the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is told the story of the just and pious Centurion Cornelius, an important officer in the Roman army and one who always tried to do right. Like many another administrator in a foreign country, Cornelius must frequently have been puzzled to know just what he ought to do with the troops and territory under his jurisdiction. One day he saw in a dream the vision of a celestial messenger, who told him to send to a certain house in Joppa and ask for a certain man named Simon Peter, who would give him counsel.

In these modern skeptical days, most local commandants of troops or inspectors of police probably would disregard such apparently baseless admonitions although one recent case in which the police won out by paying attention to something of the kind is described in Case 5. However this may be, Centurion Cornelius of Caesarea did heed his dream, did send to the house in Joppa, did find Simon Peter there precisely as his dream described and did get counsel and assistance which presumably he regarded as valuable.

In that there was nothing which people of the Holy Land in those days would regard as remarkable. Sources of information apart from human senses were believed in by everybody and it is just possible that modern science may come to believe that those earlier and less skeptical believers were right.

Next comes:

CASE 2—Help from the Babylonian Priest.

Professor Herman V. Hilprecht is internationally known for his work in translating ancient Babylonian inscriptions as well as for excavations in Babylonia and life-long studies of the culture and religion of Babylonia centuries before the days of the Bible or even the great days of ancient Egypt. According to an account furnished by him to the late Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, who collected for the Boston Society of Psychical Research this and several others of the tales told on this page, Professor Hilprecht was engaged in 1895 in an attempt to decipher bits of Babylonian writing on some fragments of what seemed once to have been stone finger rings. Baffled by inability to make these inscriptions fit together or mean anything, Professor Hilprecht went to bed and slept.

In his sleep there came to him a vivid dream of a Babylonian priest. The tall, thin priest of more than twenty centuries before seemed to lead Professor Hilprecht to the treasure room of the temple, destroyed for centuries. Here the ghostly guide told the Professor the secret of his puzzle. The supposed rings really were fragments of what once had been earrings for an idol of the War God, Ninib. The inscription that had baffled the Professor stated this fact.

Awaking, Professor Hilprecht immediately told his wife of this dream. In the morning, as soon as it was light, he examined the puzzling fragments. They were precisely what the dream priest had said they were. The mystery of the unreadable inscription was solved. The next:

CASE 3—The Philosopher and the Stockholm Fire.

Emanuel Swedenborg, born in 1688, still is recognized as one of the world's great mystical philosophers. One day in the Summer of 1759 Swedenborg was staying at the house of a friend at Gottenburg, Sweden, about 300 miles from his home in Stockholm. At about six o'clock in the evening Swedenborg became much alarmed and said that a dangerous fire had broken out in Stockholm, that it already had burned the house of one of his friends and that his own house was in danger. In those days of no airplanes or telephones, nothing could be done but wait.

Swedenborg continued to be much agitated until about 8 o'clock, when he announced that the fire was under control, having been stopped only three doors from his home, for the safety of which he had been concerned. Having had previous experiences of Swedenborg's mysterious gift of second sight, his hosts and other inhabitants of Gottenburg were anxious for the news, but it was not until the evening of the second following day that messengers arrived from the Stockholm Board of Trade and later from government officials, confirming in every detail the account of the fire which Swedenborg already had given.

The next experience, Case 4, also involves a distinguished scholar, but one of modern times:

CASE 4—The Curious Message That the Cow Had Died.

This is also from records assembled by Dr. Walter Prince. In the spring of 1914, Dr. Leonard W. Riley, President of Linfield College in Oregon, was riding on a railway train between Pendleton and The Dalles in that State. As clearly as though some fellow traveler had spoken them, came the words, "The cow is dead." The message was repeated a second time later in the day. Dr. Riley recently had purchased a valuable cow, to provide his family of several children with suitable milk. Although he had not the slightest reason to believe this animal in any danger, he concluded that something had happened to her. Arriving home, he said at once to Mrs. Riley that she need not tell him. He knew the cow was dead.

She was. One of the boys in the family had found the animal floating in a small stream, into which she apparently had fallen accidentally from a shelving bank and been drowned. The boy was much alarmed and distressed at his find, not only because the cow was valuable and needed, but because his own care of her might be thought to have been insufficient.

The curious experience referred to in Case 1, The Dream of the Centurion, is the following:

CASE 5—How Mrs. Mulligan Found the Criminal's House.

On Sunday, April 4, 1937, a former convict who had been accustomed to do odd jobs of work around the neighborhood, allegedly lured two young girls of Coney Island, New York, to his furnished room in that community, in an attempt at criminal attack. One of these girls was the daughter of Mrs. Rose Mulligan, then living in Brooklyn, N. Y. Complaint having been made, police officers tried to arrest the man but found that he had fled. No clues were left and it was deemed all but hopeless to trace him. These facts were reported to Mrs. Mulligan.

On Wednesday night Mrs. Mulligan dreamed a dream. In this dream she saw the wanted man living in a house which she had never seen or heard of before but which she knew in some mysterious fashion was in the Sheepshead Bay district of Brooklyn. It appeared to her as a frame house, behind a hedge and between two motion picture theatres.

Being unfamiliar with the district in question, Mrs. Mulligan had no definite idea where to look, but was so impressed by her dream that she took a subway train to the neighborhood and began seeking the house which she had seen. She found it, precisely as it was remembered. With this information she went to Lieutenant David A. Condon of the Coney Island police, who was fortunately credulous enough to go to the house and put a couple of detectives on watch. After a wait of five hours, the wanted man appeared and was arrested.

From India and London comes:

CASE 6—The Message from Mt. Everest.

In 1936 when the latest of several British expeditions, hoping to climb that still unscaled tallest mountain of the world, was preparing to leave London, Mrs. J. B. S. Haldane, wife of a distinguished British scientist, arranged with a member of the expedition, Mr. C. I. Morris, that they would endeavor to exchange messages by telepathy, each attempt to be made on the 12th of each month while the expedition was away. Not much came from this purposeful attempt, although Mrs. Haldane reports that perhaps half of the impressions she thought she had received turned out to be true.

On April 12, while Mrs. Haldane was asleep, she had a vivid dream about the absent Mr. Morris. In this dream her husband, Professor Haldane, handed her a packet of letters in which were three from Mr. Morris. These evidently had been all open, as though by a thief. In her dream Mrs. Haldane seemed to say to herself, "Ah, yes, the coolies have opened them to steal the stamps." These stamps being the ones necessary to be applied when the letters finally reached a post-office. At that time, no word of a theft of letters had come from the expedition and nothing of the kind was expected.

Three months later word arrived in England that packages of letters had been stolen. Still later, the letters themselves were found and forwarded. When they arrived, Mrs. Haldane's quota of them closely resembled the dream letters she already had seen.

CASE 7—"Gulliver's" Two Moons of Mars.

In the year 1726 Jonathan Swift, already well known in England and Ireland as a political writer and satirist, was acting as Dean of the Cathedral of St. Patrick's in Dublin. There he wrote and published "Travels Into Several Remote Nations of the World, by Lemuel Gulliver," since famous as "Gulliver's Travels."

Among the imaginary countries which Gulliver is supposed to have visited is the flying island of Laputa, made of solid diamond and held in the air by a gigantic lodestone. On this island Gulliver met, as Swift imagined, astronomers so learned and skilful that they had discovered four moons revolving around the planet Mars then supposed by earthly astronomers to be moonless. One moon revolved Laputan astronomy believed more than twice as rapidly as the other.

No astronomer then had seen any Martian moon or proved that there was any. In 1877, 151 years later, the American astronomer, Asaph Hall, in charge of the United States Naval Observatory in Washington, succeeded in finding the moons of Mars. There were two of them, both too small to be seen except by unusually powerful telescopes. One of them does revolve around the planet more than twice as rapidly as the other one. Both show other characteristics remarkably like the imagined Laputan account.

CASE 8—The Lost Wife at General Delivery.

Dr. Nahum I. Stone, distinguished American economist and statistician, was travelling in Europe with his wife. While his wife remained in Berlin, Dr. Stone himself visited other cities and had arranged to meet his wife in Paris. She was to write to him there, in care of Poste Restante, the French equivalent of General Delivery, telling him when she would leave Berlin and where he was to meet her.

Arriving in Paris and inquiring at the General Delivery window, Dr. Stone was assured that no letters awaited him or any person of similar name. Further search having turned up nothing, he became thoroughly alarmed and rushed off to try to trace his wife by telegraph. The telegram dispatched, he describes himself as receiving a message as though from an internal voice, which distinctly said, "Go back and see." Blindly obeying this voice, Dr. Stone returned to the General Delivery window, from which he found his wife just turning away in despair. She also had been assured by an almost unbelievably stupid clerk that no person named Stone was known or ever had inquired there.

Mrs. Stone's supply of money was down to $2.00. Her several letters and telegrams to Dr. Stone had gone astray or were held up by the post-office. Had it not been for the "lucky" meeting at the window, her situation might have been serious.

From Scotland comes:

CASE 9—Strange Afternoon of Two Girls at Versailles.

In 1901, two highly-educated young Englishwomen, both of whom later won high distinction as teachers, Miss C. A. E. Moberley and Miss E. F. Jourdain, were on holiday in Paris. Walking in the gardens of the Petit Trianon palace at Versailles, they were mildly startled to meet persons wearing costumes of about the year 1789. In some mysterious fashion, this seemed not especially incongruous, just as absurdities in dreams may seem perfectly natural. Some of these passers-by conversed with the two girls. They

(Continued on Page 27)

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Why Plane Pilots Catch Cold In Air That's Germ-Free

TRAVEL through the air or even in the stratosphere has been supposed to be about the healthiest possible way to go anywhere. Air high above the ground is pure, dust-free and almost germ-free. Except for germs carried along by other passengers, the pilot or travelers in an air liner might not be able even to catch cold. A year or so ago in Russia, a medical professor suggested floating hospitals, supported a mile or two above the earth by gigantic balloons, so that convalescent patients might have the benefit of pure air and no assaults by germs.

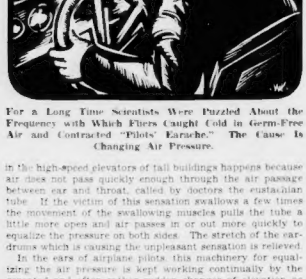
According to this, an airplane trip ought to be about the best thing possible for somebody with a cold. As a matter of fact, it turns out to be about the worst thing possible, according to studies reported to the American Medical Association by Captain Harry G. Armstrong and Dr. J. W. Heim, of the physiological laboratory attached to Wright Field of the U. S. Army Air Corps, at Dayton, Ohio.

The first suspicion that something was wrong with the idea of especially good health in the upper air came when someone noticed that pilots of army airplanes have more than the average number of cases of germ disease of the middle ear, the disease that sometimes necessitates a surgical operation on the mastoid bone. Such troubles often begin with a cold. This led Captain Armstrong to make detailed studies of the pilots' earache.

The trouble turns out not to be due to any unsuspected germs in the air itself. It is an effect of change of air pressure in pumping into pilots' ears germs already lurking in their throats.

The ear drum at the end of the open passage of the outer ear is like any other drum head. To work well it must have about the same air pressure on its two sides, which is why the drums used by musicians all have small air holes in their frames so that every change of air pressure outside will be passed on immediately to the air inside. Inside the living ear drum Nature provides precisely the same machinery, except that the air hole leading to the inside of the ear connects with the throat instead of directly with the outside of the head; doubtless a convenient arrangement in a dust storm or when one is in swimming.

The disagreeable sensation of fullness or tightness in the ear which many people feel when they go up or down



For a Long Time Scientists Were Puzzled About the Frequency with Which Fliers Caught Cold in Germ-Free Air and Contracted "Pilots' Earache." The Cause Is Changing Air Pressure.

in the high-speed elevators of tall buildings happens because air does not pass quickly enough through the air passage between ear and throat, called by doctors the eustachian tube. If the victim of this sensation swallows a few times the movement of the swallowing muscles pulls the tube a little more open and air passes in or out more quickly to equalize the pressure on both sides. The stretch of the ear-drums which is causing the unpleasant sensation is relieved.

In the ears of airplane pilots, this machinery for equalizing the air pressure is kept working continually by the repeated and often rather sudden changes of elevation as the airplane climbs or dives. This is the secret of pilots' earache. Whenever the airplane goes down the air pressure outside goes up. To equalize this so that the eardrum will not be stretched, air must pass through the eustachian tube from the throat to the ear. If living germs happen to be hanging around in the throat, some of them are likely to get carried into the middle ear with each pulse of air. There they often set up new germ infections, causing earache or more serious trouble with the mastoid.

Even a person in perfect health is likely to have a few living germs in his throat. The victim of a cold, a sore throat or some similar condition is harboring many more germs, with a much greater chance that enough of them will be pumped into the middle ear to set up a serious infection. That is why it is a good plan for people suffering from colds or sore throats to wait until they are well before they do any unnecessary flying.

Which is only one of many new facts being discovered by physiologists who are investigating the effects of changes of air pressure on the human body, encountered as a result of mankind's new conquest of the air. In Russia, in addition to studies of airplane pilots and passengers, government scientists have sent several expeditions to high mountains, especially to Mount Elbrus, a peak of the famous Caucasus Range. One discovery is that the low air pressure on this mountain seems to cause changes in senses, including sight and taste.

Hallucinations occur and colors are seen differently, which perhaps explains some of the mysterious airplane crashes in which pilots ran into mountain peaks which they should have been able to see and to avoid.

One of the disturbances of taste is that most people on high mountains find themselves disliking the taste of meat. Perhaps caterers who plan airplane luncheons to be eaten at high altitudes should take this into account. Vegetarians might become air-minded out of sheer gratitude.

Just why sight, taste or other senses are disturbed by the low air pressure on high mountains has not yet been discovered. The nerves of taste which run to the brain from taste buds on the tongue and the back of the mouth, are known to have fairly close connections with other nerves associated with the inner ear. Damage to these ear nerves may cause rolling of the eyes or other disturbances of sight. It is not impossible that changes of air pressure like those that pump air in and out of airplane pilots' ears may affect all these nerves at once.

The result of changing air pressure and other abnormal factors is said by science to be a "rapid aging" of pilots, so that by the time that they should be most useful in life, they are disabled.

Lovely Nude "Vision" Changed Into Live Stowaway By Fire At Sea

THE freighter Hybert, bound from Rotterdam for Houston, Texas, was battering against the waves 19 days out. Already the sailors were dreaming of spending their money on shore leave, but one among them was restless that night and went on deck for a look at the sky and a breath of salt air.

It was an eerie night; the moon behind silvered clouds made of the ragged waves a pastiche of light and shadow, and the restless sailor found himself relaxing and ready to turn in. Suddenly, as the moon drifted free of clouds, the seaman beheld a spectacle that made his eyes pop. There, directly in moonlight at the other end of the deck, stood a beautiful woman robed only by fringes of shadow. As she posed there revealed by the light, he stood frozen to the spot in amazement. Then the moon vanished and the spell was gone. The wraithlike figure had disappeared with the light of the moon, and the sailor felt like one demented. He did not dare to mention his experience for fear he would be laughed at. And yet . . .

There, Drenched in Moonlight, Was a Beautiful Woman Robed Only in Fringes of Shadow. The Wraithlike Figure Disappeared and the Sailor Stared, Wondering If He Was Seeing Things.

The following morning roars of laughter echoing through the forcastle revealed the fact that the sailor had foolishly confided in someone about his vision, and now he was being ridiculed for his romantic nature and his reckless imagination. Stubbornly he stuck to his story. "Seeing is believing," he muttered, "and I saw sure enough a beautiful girl."

Later that day there was the cry of "Fire in the hold, all hands on deck!" Feverishly the hatches were opened, for the Hybert was four days from port and the prospect of sinking by fire is a nightmare to sailors.

As the flames shot out, there rushed forth before the astonished sailors, the undraped figure of an attractive blonde woman. The demi-nude was followed by a male figure, likewise scantily clad. The crew gaped at these seeming apparitions wrought from the flames, but Captain J. V. Smith quickly realized that it was a pair of stowaways driven from hiding. He ordered clothes for them and, in fact, the woman said later, He lent me his pants."

The fire was quickly put out, but it had served, in a dramatic burst of smoke and flame, to make public one of the strangest Odysseys of modern times. The shapely young woman who emerged from the hold as unexpectedly and unclothed as if she had been a mermaid, turned out to be a Mrs. Esther Worman, 27-year-old mother of two children, and the wife of a pinzfighter.

The enchanting young woman who seemed to have come from nowhere had in reality come from London, where she had left her children in the care of her mother. She had left for Belgium with the intention of taking a boat there for New York where her husband was. "Unfortunately," she said, "I thought all American ships went to New York. I didn't know my geography and steamship sailing schedules well enough, or I would not have been on a ship bound for Texas instead of New York."

It all began when, more than five years ago, the former London prizefighter, whom she had married decided there was more of a future for him in America. Contrary to his expectations, however, he succeeded in making only a precarious living at odd jobs, ending up as a stevedore loading ships going back to the England he yearned for.

But, as the years passed, Mrs. Worman's children grew old enough to ask questions about where their father might be, and at last, in spite of appeals and advice from relatives and friends, she determined to go to him. True, she did not know exactly where she would find him, but she was hopeful.

She didn't have the price of a boat ticket and so, without any visa papers, she stowed away in Rotterdam aboard the freighter Hybert. Her privacy was unexpectedly interrupted when at Antwerp, a Belgian named Abram Kiper slipped aboard. It was a weird moment when Mrs. Worman thought she had been discovered, only to find that the stranger, who could speak no English, was trying to indicate to her that he was in the "same boat" as she was, and for the same reason - that of stowing away.

After a day or two, Kiper took off his shirt because of the terrific heat in the hold; he looked apologetic and Mrs. Worman decided to overlook the breach in etiquette. Soon, in fact, she found herself forced to imitate him and to strip down to bare essentials. After awhile, they threw caution aside for the heat was 140 degrees and bad enough without clothes. But "it was all very respectable," Mrs. Worman was quoted as saying later, "because it was so dark we could hardly see each other."

They both had taken food along and so did not starve, but on the darkness the only thought either of them had was to wait for the protective darkness of night, when they could steal on deck and breathe the cool sea air and accustom their eyes to light again. In the light of the ship and the moon and the stars for the hold in which they hid was black as pitch. It was during one of these midnight excursions that Mrs. Worman was seen straddling the deck and promptly classified as a "vision" by the sleepless sailor.

When the fire broke out next day it gave the stowaways no time to dress and they dashed out as they were. The Hybert arrived at Houston several days later and Mrs. Worman and Kiper were transferred to the county jail at Galveston by Chief Immigration Inspector L. D. Grossman. She was held pending her return to England.

Her trip was not in vain. A few days later Gus Worman was located in New York by the Immigration Service and was taken to Ellis Island. He was given permission to depart voluntarily for England.

During her wait for a government decision as to whether she should return to England, she was interviewed by a reporter. The attractive blonde said she was glad in a way that she had been found out when she was, it was so unendurably hot and dark in the hold. She didn't whine about the trick which fate had played on her and seems content to make the best of the situation.

"Since getting into this difficulty over here I have had a letter from my mother," Mrs. Worman said. "Our children are well and are asking for us. You can tell the world that my husband and I still love each other and that one of these days everything will be all right."

Kiper was immediately deported and, a few days later, Mrs. Worman was on her way back to Antwerp, wearing clothes this time, a guest of the company that, unwittingly, provided her passage to America.

Lost His Memory But Not His Artistic Skill

TWO years ago a little crowd gathered in London's Bethnal Green, sympathetic to a swarthy, handsome young fellow who had fallen to the sidewalk. They supposed that his luminous eyes were that way from fever, and in fact he seemed to be ill from fatigue and hunger. A policeman arrived and quickly took charge of the sick man, hailing a cab and taking the unconscious derelict to a London hospital.

There he was found to be a collection of wounds. There were cuts across the top of his hands that looked like sabre marks. Machine gun bullets seemed to have perforated his chest and arms. In his head was a steel plate. Spanish papers in his ragged clothes identified him as Angelo del Cauchferta.

When at last he recovered, he was questioned as to his name, his home and his livelihood. Then it became evident that he did not know any of these things. He was a man of mystery even to himself. His mind was a blank. It was not that he did not understand his questioners, his English had a foreign sound to it but he was able to answer queries.

They told him his name was Cauchferta, but this did not seem to mean anything to him. Neither did he know how he had come to be shot up the way he was. "But somehow," he tells people now, "the name Valencia is familiar to me. I can see a long white house, surrounded by groves of fruit trees.

"As I think back, bursting shells roar and ring in my ears. I see men fighting hand to hand, or with swords and bayonets. I can hear the screams of my mother, the cries of my father. I believe they were murdered. After that, nothing more. How I got to England I will never know.

"I can remember a day or two after coming out of London Hospital, trying to walk to Southend. I was too proud to beg, and I must have dropped on the road from weakness a second time. Anyway, I woke up in another hospital at Romford.

"There was a pretty nurse, she attended me devotedly until I was fit and well again. She is now my wife. How can I describe our struggle to live after that". We married on next to nothing, which in our case was $16. It lasted three weeks. I went around the shops asking for work and could find nothing.

"Then, one day a man gave me some lettering to do. He liked what I did, and I decided to make lettering my career." Soon afterward he was asked to illustrate one of his lettering jobs, and so by chance discovered in himself a passion for art.

But there were obstacles even here. Angelo had no supplies nor any of the tools an artist needs, and he could not afford to buy them. Still necessity is said to be the mother of invention, and Angelo's creative instincts were not to be lightly discouraged. "From an old fur of my wife's," he says, "I made myself brushes and started to paint." Soon he became locally recognized as a man of talent. His real break, however, came only recently.

His work was exhibited in a working men's art show at Bethnal Green Museum, famed throughout England. Many royal personages who visited the show were struck by the excellence of the work signed by Cauchferta, in no time he was a sensation, even among art experts.

Delicate portraits are not the only thing Angelo does, his lettering has found artistic expression in illuminated pages. The quality of these is said to rival the work of the medieval masters at this sort of thing. The Archbishop of Canterbury, a connoisseur of illuminated missals, heard about the show and visited it. He was more than surprised, he told Angelo that "they are almost as good as anything I have at home. You must learn more."

The outcome was that the long-suffering Cauchferta is now on the road to fame. The Archbishop has awarded him a scholarship, and his days of starvation are over. The luminous eyes that the crowd in Bethnal Green had mistaken for feverish are still bright now that Angelo is well. They are visionary eyes, dwelling more in the future than in the past. Cauchferta does not remember who he was, yet he recalls something more important, and that is talent.

100 Romances Financed By Club Of "Jolly Drunks"

IN BUDAPEST at the sign of "The Three Jolly Drunkards," the wine one drinks may help to pay for the girl he weds. Recently, the hundredth bride was given away on a "drunkard's scholarship" at this little tavern, and her marriage has stirred considerable interest in the origin and history of the theories.

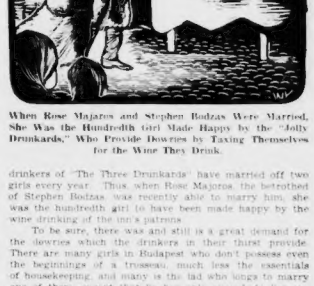
There is nothing especially distinguished about the tavern itself, like hundreds of others in the Hungarian capital it is cheerful but small. But this ale-house was established half a century ago by Mueller, father of the present host, under curious circumstances.

Mueller had not and fallen deeply in love with a young girl of the neighborhood, and they wanted above all things to be married. But they were penniless, and their families were too poor to help them. It happened, however, that an aged local drunkard whom Mueller had befriended took an interest in the romance. Not merely did he sympathize with the young couple, but he insisted on presenting them with what would now be about $300. The sum was enough to set the couple up both in housekeeping and in business, and they finally accepted. It was not the old character had explained, as if he would miss the money, he had plenty to keep him happily "plastered" for his last days.

Since a reveller had given them the money, they decided that it would be appropriate to invest it in a tavern. From the day of their wedding, the Muellers prospered with the tavern. They did not forget their benefactor, however, when he died soon afterward from over-intoxication they tried to think of some way to show their gratitude to his memory. At last they hit upon the answer. What could be better, suggested Mrs. Mueller, than to do for others what had been done for them? That is how the "matrimonial scholarship" was begun.

Mueller organized his regular customers into a society, the members of which were to pay a few coppers extra for every quart of wine they drank. In exchange they were to be members in good standing of a pleasant company and also "trustees" of the marriage fund. At the end of six months there was enough money in the special cash-box to provide a respectable dowry for a poor girl who couldn't get married for lack of funds.

That was 50 years ago. Ever since the jovial wine-



When Rose Majaros and Stephen Bodzas Were Married, She Was the Hundredth Girl Made Happy by the "Jolly Drunkards," Who Provide Dowries by Taxing Themselves for the Wine They Drink.

drinkers of "The Three Drunkards" have married off two girls every year. Thus when Rose Majoros the betrothed of Stephen Bodzas, was recently able to marry him, she was the hundredth girl to have been made happy by the wine drinking of the inn's patrons.

To be sure, there was and still is a great demand for the dowries which the drinkers in their thirst provide. There are many girls in Budapest who don't possess even the beginnings of a trousseau, much less the essentials of housekeeping, and many is the lad who longs to marry one of them, except that he has only enough to live on, and not enough to get started with a home.

As a result, it was necessary to set up a "board of admissions," and this was taken care of nicely by the drinkers' wives, at first.

The ladies were well informed about the neighborhood, and thoroughly versed in gossip as they were, it was usually to be believed if they declared that the morals, family and ambitions of the marriage candidates were unimpeachable. Of course, they delved into the private history of the engagement also to convince themselves that under no other circumstances than by means of an endowment would the couple be able to get married.

With time, however, the girls who had themselves been married off by the "Drunkards" united into a committee whose business it was to judge the merits of the applicants and select from among them the two happy brides for the year.

When the elder Mueller died in the fullness of his years, his son continued the business and kept up the society. Not only have the "Drunkards" been the means to bring many a romance to a swift and matrimonial conclusion in the past half century, but they proudly declare that only four of the 100 marriages have ended in divorce.

Even during the lean years the marriage awards have been handed out, but this is not because of the patrons, they were forced to cut down on their liquor allowance during the slump. The scholarships, however, were made permanent ten years ago as a result of one of the marriages they had made possible.

The daughter of a wealthy family ran away with a poor young man of whom her father disapproved. The tavern trustees made an exception and gave the couple a scholarship even though they had already married, for they were so poor it was pitiful to see their marriage going on the rocks.

Years later, when she bore a son, the girl's family became reconciled to the marriage and in fact became so fond of its son-in-law that a large sum was turned over to the society to continue its good work. The interest from the fund as a result is now by itself enough to marry one girl a year, and the other dowry is drunk together by the members by means of 20,000 drinks a year.

The annual awards for deserving marriages do not, however, breed discontent among the losers. These take solace in knowing that next year they will get another chance. The tavern's pleasant traditions also have a hand in discouraging petty jealousy. Some say this is because from the beginning the tavern was a good deed bound to prosper and perpetuate its benevolence.

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How Funny Mr. Fields Cashes in on His Jinx

Persistent Misfortunes, Both Serious and Trivial, Which the Popular Comedian Turns Into Gags and Wise-Cracks and Lots of Money

"W. C." As He Appeared on Leaving the Hospital After the Long Siege of Illness That Landed Him on the Radio.

Carlotta Monti, the Comedian's Dietician, Who Is Said to Have Obtained Her Recipes From a Ouija Board, and Who Threatens to Sue Mr. Fields After a Fight With His Butler Who Objected to Her Staying Out Late at Night.

Bill Fields as Dickens' "Mr. Micawber," Who Was Always Waiting for Something to Turn Up"—But Bill Uses His Jinx to Turn 'Em Up Himself.

"MISFORTUNES stir the wits," says Ovid in his "Art of Love," or as he put it back in the days when he was a great Latin poet, some 2,000 years ago, "Ingenium mala saepe movent."

When he said that, old Ovid might very well have been looking forward to Mr. W. C. Fields, who seems to have turned more books with his misfortunes than anybody else, ancient or modern, and also pulled in more cash as a result.

Mr. Fields, who is considered by his many fans to be the funniest man on the screen and the air, has an impish and persistent jinx that has pursued him ever since an unhappy occasion when his irate father whacked him in a tender spot with a shovel, thus causing the sensitive boy to run away into the cruel world to shift for himself by coping with adversity.

Sometimes the jinx flattens him out worse than his father did with that shovel, even laying him up in the hospital for months on end, and sometimes it just gives him a few malicious but irritating jabs. But serious or trivial, it's all the same to comic Mr. Fields. He always has the laugh on his jinx because whenever it takes a crack at him he sticks a nice sharp hook into its belt or some adjacent area and uses it as bait to fish up more popularity and dollars.

The latest mean trick the jinx played on him was to insure the lovely Carlotta Monti, who is carried on Mr. Fields' books as "secretary and dietician," to plan a suit against him for $200,000 on the charge that he hit her on her pretty head with a rubber hammer and also broke a walking stick over some unidentified part of her attractive anatomy.

Mr. Fields says she was having a row with his butler and all he did was try to separate them.

And right after that—the thing most dreaded by all superstitious stage folk—he had the additional misfortune to break a studio mirror while shaving and cut his face. This didn't make much difference to Mr. Fields' face, which is already funny enough, so people will hardly notice a few more nicks and crosses. But, being an actor, he confesses there are any number of things he would rather break than a looking-glass.

Even so, if past performances mean anything, he will no doubt soon have the laugh on his jinx again by giving these distressing incidents a comic twist.

Not so long ago Mr. Fields spent some time in a hospital under the care of Dr. Jesse Citron and Miss Monti, the attentive secretary and dietician whose personal appearance certainly differs considerably from that of most dieticians and who likewise differs from them in the technique she apparently advocates. Her way of figuring out the right diet for the sick comedian, and also the right medicine, it was said—was by consulting the ouija board, a method that did not meet with whole-hearted approval from Dr. Citron, who seems to have preferred a less spiritual treatment.

But whatever the treatment, Mr. Fields recovered, only to be sued by Dr. Citron, who won a $12,000 judgment after claiming that in twenty-five days flat he had weaned the comedian off of a somewhat astonishing spirituous diet of two quarts a day. It's no secret that Mr. Fields has a high regard for whiskey, especially fine old Irish whiskey, which inspires in him a feeling little short of reverence. But he insisted that his regard for any kind of whiskey wasn't all that high, and instead of being flattered to have someone say he was capable of holding two quarts a day, he was righteously indignant.

As usual, it wasn't long before he converted this indignation into comic material, and ever since that aggravating episode he has lost no opportunity to make capital out of it.

One of his radio program inspirations from the doctor's bill was this:

"They were taking some pictures of me in front of a sign reading, 'W. C. Fields Honorary Steward.' As one cameraman started out half the sign and when the picture came out it read, 'W. C. Fields Honorable Stew.'"

"I think you've got a case there, Bill," said his stooge.

"No, not a full case. Probably the usual two quarts. You know I despise intemperate people, people who drink too much—if that's possible."

In a later version of the same episode, Mr. Fields said they took the picture again, but it was worse than ever, adding:

"When the picture was developed this time, with all of us standing in front of the sign, blotting out various letters, it came out reading, 'W. C. Fields on any Stew.' That was stew bad—stew bad."

Another inspiration from the same source:

"Would you like a little drink?" I have some good whiskey here. I always carry two quarts with me, for medicinal purposes only. You see, I don't want to make the judge and the doctor look bad."

Still again, in telling that he was going on a vacation to get rid of the great load he had been carrying, he gave his voice a sour twist and added:

"And I don't mean two quarts, either."

Until he went to the hospital, Mr. Fields had always sneered at radio and even refused to listen to it. But while lying there, with nothing better to do, he started tuning in, and after listening to some of the well-known radio comics he said:

"Phew! Somebody open a window quick and let in some fresh air. These gags are stale. I couldn't be that bad, and when I get out of here I'm going to prove it."

So he did. Always before, when sponsors tried to get him on the air, he had said:

"No. I'm a juggler, and there's about as much sense putting a juggler on the air as presenting a ventriloquist's dummy over the microphone."

And sure enough when he did go on the air he found himself teamed up with a ventriloquist's dummy—Mr. Edgar Bergen's "Charlie McCarthy," whom Mr. Fields called a "fugitive from the woodpile." Right away, a thing happened that everyone had said was impossible—a juggler and a ventriloquist's dummy became a radio hit.

One joke that made everybody roar was when he asked Charlie:

"Why don't you get married to another dummy and raise a basket of clothes pins?"

Many of Mr. Fields' mannerisms and characteristics that are now so funny are a direct result of the hard knocks he got when he was a boy. In those days his name was Claude William Dukenfield, but he never liked that very much, and changed it to W. C. Fields after running away from home.

When Bill skedaddled away from his father, for the next five years he did not lie down in a bed, but slept in doorways, alleys, packing cases, freight cars and often right out on the damp, hard ground.

He was chilled and wet so much of the time he suffered almost constantly from bad colds and throat trouble, and that was what gave him his queer, cracked voice which is worth a fortune to him nowadays.

His big and blooming nose, which also dates back to his miserable boyhood, is another one of his valuable assets, and he is continually calling attention to it with such gags as the following:

He struck a match and tried to light my nose instead of it for a firecracker.

It was so cold my nose looked like a frozen strawberry.

I rode in a race the other day and won by a nose—just a length and a half.

While I was watching the races, a woman with twins sat next to me. One of them said, 'Oh, Mama, look at the funny man balancing a beet on his nose.' The other one said, 'That isn't a beet, it's a pineapple.' Then the mocker said, 'It isn't a pineapple, it's a blood orange.' But the most humiliating thing was when a track attendant tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'You'll have to take that red balloon out of your mouth, you're scaring the horses.'

This reference to my nose has got to stop—it's spreading like wildfire. I'm tired of having my nose brandied. I mean bandied about from pillar to post."

Some people have an idea that Mr. Fields got that bulbous nose from drinking quantities of whiskey, but he says that isn't so. He got it as a result of another sneaking little trick his jinx played on him. After he ran away, all the other boys envied him because he didn't have to go home at night and could sleep wherever he happened to flop down. But they had to do something to prove they were just as good as he was, if not better, so it became a habit for boys to punch Bill on the nose, and they used to come from miles around just to do it—and that, he says, is why his nose is now so large and lurid.

Anyone who has ever seen Mr. Fields on the stage or screen will recall the comic bit of business when he reaches out to take something, such as a piece of cake, and withdraws his shaky fingers in a sudden, agitated manner, just as he is about to get caught afterwards assuming a look of injured innocence.

That's also a biographical touch, another twist on his jinx, and he learned that trick when about all he had to eat was the free lunch he could snatch in saloons after drinking a glass of root beer, or ginger ale. He learned to be so quick with those agile fingers he could cram a whole meal into his pockets while the bartender was serving another customer—cheese, sardines, crackers and pickles.

The jovial insincerity which is now so effective in his theatrical performances, his frequent look of puzzled stupidity or dignified frustration, were all acquired as a means of throwing wrathful bartenders and shopkeepers off the track, in the days when he had to live by his wits and had to make away with anything he could seize in those fluttering fingers.

It was through training his fingers in this way that he eventually became a juggler, and finally made a lasting impression for himself in Ziegfeld's Follies as a funny man.

School teachers used to be a headache to Bill, so now he does all he can to give them a headache with such gags as this:

"My sister Delia was crossing Hollywood Boulevard the other day and the traffic cop held up his hand, but Delia kept right on going. The cop said 'Wait a minute, Mrs. Frobisher.' That's her married name. He said: 'I put up my hand—don't you know what that means?' She said: 'I ought to. I've been a school teacher for 12 years.'"

So portly now he waddles when he walks, he likes to poke fun at other large people, and asked if someone still has her beautiful figure, he replied:

"Has she still got it? I'll say she has—she's doubled it."

Sleeping in a bed is still something of a luxury to Mr. Fields after the long years he slept on the ground, and when someone was telling him about a man who went to bed every night between seven and eight he grunted and said:

"Must have been an awfully large bed."

After having used to hustle his food any way he could as a boy, he likes to joke about cooks, too, and once he said:

"Yes, I had to fire the cook. I caught her preparing a dish of spaghetti with brandy sauce."

"Spaghetti with brandy sauce? Never heard of it."

"Neither did I, but the cook had drunk all the brandy and was knitting a sweater out of spaghetti, with ketchup and grated cheese down the front."

The money he has lost on horse races has also made him sour on this subject, as shown by the following gag:

"I went to the races the other day. The grandstand was full of hams. After losing on the first race, one of the hams said, 'I'm cured.' Cured ham—just a slip of the tongue. He had a swell dressed chicken with him—they looked like a plate of cold cuts. Anyway, he told me a horse to bet on and said that horse could win on one leg."

"Did he win, Bill?"

"That horse couldn't win if he was a centipede."

For some reason, Mr. Fields likewise seems to be distrustful of blondes, and in one of his skits he says:

"Well, that beautiful blonde turned up again."

"Where did she come from, Bill?"

"I don't know. I just opened my wallet and there she was."

Miss Monti, however, says the lasting impression Bill made on her when he hit her with that rubber hammer was not a bit funny. Besides, she says, she had a perfect right to come home any time she wanted to and the butler had no business starting the whole disturbance by scolding her for being late. Right now, of course, Mr. Fields is in no laughing mood, but he knows how to handle his jinx, and when told Carlotta was going to sue him he just said:

"Poo. I've been sued before—and by experts."

The Fields Home at Bel-Air, the Exclusive Santa Monica District, Where Car'lta Says She Was Tapped With the Rubber Hammer.

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These "Lucky Stamps" Are Sold on the Streets and Guaranteed

Behind the Scenes at

Secrets of the Famous Gambling Den, Tricks of Schemes to "Break the Bank," Revenge of Ruined Revealed by Baron Charles de Richter, Former

ACME PHOTO

The Gambling Casino at Monte Carlo Illuminated by Flood Lights.

Superstitious Gambler and His Mascot. Sketch by A. Galland.

Mlle. Jacqueline Ford, From Painting by Domergue. Jacqueline Was Entirely Satisfied to Lose at the Gambling Tables Because She Thought It Proved the Old Maxim, "Lucky in Love, Unlucky at Cards."

The Countess of Tessancourt, Who Left It to the Cards to Decide Whether She Should Marry the Man Who Besought Her Hand.

CHAPTER VI.

By BARON CHARLES DE RICHTER.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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THERE is no need to risk the crocodiles of the Amazon River or the lions of African jungles to meet superstition in its crudest forms. A trip to Monte Carlo will reveal the wildest superstitions, a belief in talismans more profound than even that of the Hottentots, and an abject obedience to outward signs more absurd than that of the ancients. Everything to which a number is attached takes on a meaning to the gambler, be it the registration number of the bus he is riding or the hymn sung at church on Sunday. The whole atmosphere of Monte Carlo is enveloped in a fog of superstition and no matter how intelligent the person, he is likely to fall a prey to it, though perhaps not in some of the crude forms I have witnessed.

Why should gamblers be so superstitious? I have often wondered. Perhaps it is because of the uncertainty coupled with gambling; uncertainty spells ignorance, wherein all superstition has its beginnings.

None but those who are on the inside of things knows that no hymn is given out at the Church of England at Monte Carlo below the No. 36. There is an amusing reason behind this. A visitor one Sunday went to church, as was his habit, and then made a visit to the gambling Casino. But no numbers seemed to beckon fickle luck, until the visitor suddenly remembered that the hymn given out that day was 36—the highest number on the roulette table. He played on 36 and won. His delight was great and he told all his friends of his good luck. Next Sunday, the attendance at church was unprecedented, much to the worthy clergyman's surprise. Those who came played the numbers of the hymns given out. It did not take the minister many Sundays to discover the reason for his heavy congregation, whereupon he gave out No. 47. The unconcealed look of disappointment on the faces before him confirmed his suspicions and thereafter no numbers under 36 were given out.

There is no ridicule, no shame in Monte Carlo about superstitions no matter how childish or absurd. All means are accepted to attain the one desired end: to win. I remember one scandal in which two elderly, respectable and devout women were concerned. One of them managed by infinite intrigue and ingenuity to have the Pope in Rome bless a ten-franc coin together with some rosaries. It took her a long time to achieve this much-desired result, but once done, she took the very first train to Monte Carlo. The blessing apparently had the desired effect, for the woman's luck was good, and all would have been well, but in the kindness of her heart she agreed to lend the sacred coin to a friend, who had been losing steadily. Somehow the charm did not work, for the friend continued to lose, and in the confusion of the roulette table, the croupier raked in the coin blessed by the Pope with the other chips and coins. The owner of the coin was in despair when the unlucky one told her of the loss. The row that followed became so long and so loud that the corridors of their hotel echoed with the shrill voices of the two women.

I well remember an elderly woman, who one evening mysteriously opened her deep, shabby bag to show me a treasure inside. We were standing together beside a table, watching the players.

"What have you there?" I asked, peering into the dirty depths. I could see some dried bit of nondescript matter and nothing more.

"I persuaded the porter at the Monaco station," she finally explained, "to kill one of the bats that fly around there and give me its heart." She pulled out the dried up object. "I put all the money I want to play with in here and let it touch the heart. When I lose, I know it was a bit of money the heart had not touched."

Further conversation with the old woman brought out a remarkable theory that only silver coins could be influenced for the best, since the bat is a night animal, which corresponds with the feminine in nature, of which the moon is the symbol. But most gamblers do not take the trouble to plunge into such profound reasoning. The dates of birthdays, the cloakroom numbers satisfy many. Others will play on the numbers on the plate of the bus they come on, or any number they have noticed or been associated with.

Of course, 13 plays an important part in the gambler's calculations. Many people refuse to be the thirteenth person seated from the croupier. Others will not gamble on the thirteenth of the month. Friday is considered an unlucky day, so much so, that fewer railway tickets are sold on Fridays to Monte Carlo. Friday is the woman's day, the day of Freya, the Scandinavian Venus, and since woman is the guardian of the home, she is more likely to oppose gambling. Therefore, men, who play on Friday, should lose. I have never checked up on these superstitions, so I cannot say whether the theory holds good at the tables. Another much favored coup is to play the number into which the chips sometimes roll when thrown clumsily so as to rebound into the cylinder. I have seen the number piled high.

Of course, every kind of charm is brought to the tables. Pigs in precious metal or of wood are much favored. In the old days, when the players were few and much latitude was allowed them, I was told about a woman, who preferred to bring with her a pig in the form of ham, which she munched while she played.

Other players have their own pets. There was one man who always kept a tortoise in his pocket. Another inveterate gambler had a spider in a box, one-half of which was painted in red, the other in black. He played the color the spider happened to be in. Of course, horseshoes have ever been favored, for they are the symbol of good luck and this at the gambling table means a large harvest. Less cumbersome is a piece of an authentic hangman's rope or the skin of a venomous snake—all talismans against bad luck. On the streets near the Casino all sorts of charms are sold including "lucky" postage stamps to stick on letters, handbags, canes or anything. With so many certain devices for winning, it is a puzzle that anybody loses. But the gamblers have no patience with you if you ask how they explain this.

One of the greatest of all problems is to know what to do when a player sees a priest, for strangely enough this is regarded as a sign of bad luck. Clergymen must not enter the gambling rooms, but there are plenty of them in Monaco, so elaborate incantations against their "evil influence" have been worked out. The best antidote is the horn, a symbol of man, so when you meet a minister, you should curl the first finger of each hand on each side of the head in the guise of horns.

One night I remember standing near a roulette table at which a number of celebrated people were seated. There were the Duke of Westminster, Mr. Winston Churchill, the Princess of Montenegro, Sir Gomer Berry, Mr. Stanley Bruce, Australian representative in London; the Princess of Pless, Lord and Lady Mountbatten, and, in the midst of these, a fluffy woman of nondescript standing and equally nondescript virtue.

The croupier that night, knowing that Lord Mountbatten is related to the ex-Queen of Spain and consequently closely related to the English reigning family, decided that plain "Monsieur" was not enough honor, and perhaps in anticipation of a bigger tip, began to address him as "Monseigneur."

But in France, the title "Monseigneur" is given to both royal princes and to bishops.

The croupier had just brought out another unctuous "Monseigneur" when the fluffy woman exploded.

"D-n it all," she shrieked. "I'm losing and losing—what's the big idea of letting bishops come to the table? I thought they weren't allowed in the rooms. Let him get out or I'll complain."

General laughter greeted this outburst, but nobody volunteered any explanation. The woman glanced around her and feeling that she had made a faux pas, did not put her threat into action.

The story of the Casino cat is frequently told and always listened to with attention.

One day, the Director of Gambling noticed that the mice, which had been living in retired seclusion around the bar of the Casino, had ventured into the salons on a tour of inspection. Fortunately, no hysterical woman had seen them and before anybody else might make the discovery, he decided to get rid of them. The order for a cat was thereupon given and the following day, one of the

Continued on Next Page.

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to Bring Good Luck to Gamblers.

Monte Carlo

Thieving Croupiers, Daring Players, Scandals and Suicides Member of the Casino Staff

(Continued from Preceding Page).

croupiers appeared with a magnificent black cat, guaranteed to be an alert mouser.

Barely two days passed when an American woman at one of the gambling tables glanced about and saw the black cat crossing the floor in superb isolation. She pointed to the animal and shouted in horror. She rose from the table and refused to gamble that day, and as other Americans joined in the outcry, it was decided to change the cat.

The Director, however, sat down and did some thinking before giving the order for the successor. Frenchwomen object to "marmelade" or tortoiseshell cats, as these bring them bad luck, although apparently American women are spared by them. So he decided on a neutral gray cat.

To this day the Casino cat wandering about the salons is gray, and nobody objects.

This color phobia in the gambling rooms takes on sometimes a queer personal aspect, which I saw strikingly illustrated one season. I had noticed a woman at one of the tables of thirty-forty (trente-et-quarante) who was none other than the ex-Madame Jacques Lebaudy, who killed her mad husband in America and was the center of much sensational publicity. Lebaudy had founded about thirty years ago an imaginary Sahara Empire, of which he proclaimed himself Emperor, where he eventually abandoned the colonists to their fate. The whole incident gave rise to many complications for the French Government and eventually warships were sent to rescue the colonists.

After shooting her husband, Madame Lebaudy returned to France with her daughter and settled at Antibes, on the Riviera, where she had a magnificent property, Eilen Rock. Her next appearance before the public eye was on the occasion of her marriage to a French detective, Sudreau, whose son celebrated his marriage at the same time to the daughter. The double wedding had as its main object, they said, the protection of the women from the army of doubtful adventurers and shyster lawyers, who were constantly trying to get a nibble at the huge fortune left by the mad Emperor of the Sahara.

Madame Sudreau was a small and simple woman whom no one would have suspected of having been implicated in such sensational events. Nobody took any notice of her except the croupiers, who were always delighted when she appeared, for each time she won, she threw carelessly into the box for tips a 500-franc chip ($45). I do not remember whether she played any "system," but there was one thing certain: she never played on the red. It was said that it probably reminded her of the tragedy in her life, and of the blood she had spilt.

It was Jacqueline Ford, the well-known French revue and movie artist, who persistently played red one night, so much so that everybody noticed it. I took the opportunity to speak to her during a lull in the play and asked her why she was playing so continually on that color, especially since it was not bringing her luck anyway. The more she lost, the better pleased she seemed.

"I've just received a wire from the man I'm in love with," she answered. "In it he tells me that he loves me and is coming here. So I'm playing on the appropriate color: the color of passion. 'Lucky in love, un- lucky at cards,' you know. I'm proving the old adage true!"

And anywhere but in a gambling room, over a green table, such nonsense would have sounded like the ravings of a mad woman. But somehow, all seems natural in the tropical atmosphere of these salons, heavy with perfume and tobacco smoke, permeated with that mob mania, which pushes people to eccentricities when gathered in crowds.

But the madness that is gambling takes on proportions that no sane person can even imagine. The legend of the Chateau Deo-Dato is among the maddest of these.

At nightfall, every day, many people gather on the square before the Casino, which has been christened the "Camembert" because of the circular beds in front, to gaze steadily upward. A greenhorn would imagine that these are either poetic souls, lost in contemplation of the evening sky, or else perhaps people seeking to read in the stars what Dame Fortune may have in store for them. The truth is far different.

Above Monte Carlo, there stands on a hill top, the Chateau Deo-Dato. In the daytime, it is outlined in dark silhouette, but at night electric lights flash from it forming curious constellations against the night sky. Some evenings these look like the cross of Saint Andrew, at other times they form triangles, or squares, or pyramids or a dozen other forms.

It is these changing shapes that the players below watch. Each interprets the mystic signs as he wishes: some play the shapes as they appear, others add up the lights and play the numbers. There is no end to the fantasy of the watchers in working out some sure "system," which will bring them luck and guide them to the winning numbers.

Only the inhabitants of Monaco know the truth about these signals, a truth that none of the gamblers would ever accept, were it told to them. The Chateau Deo-Dato is a hotel, where couples are certain to find discreet retirement and quiet. But it is a long way off and the trip is somewhat hazardous, so in order to avoid disappointments, these signals have been worked out to inform the professional beauties of Monte Carlo as to the number of rooms vacant and all about them. It saves time and discussion on all sides.

There is still another strange superstition I have seen in operation but only once. Perhaps this is due to the obvious difficulties attached.

One night, upon entering the Sporting Club, I saw Pierre Wertheimer, French financier and owner of some of the finest racing stables, who, playing at one table and then at another, would always assure himself of the presence of a young girl, very blond, very pretty and dressed with the most extreme simplicity. Only a few months before, she was a simple sewing girl in the dressmaking house of Jean Patou. I naturally drew my own conclusions right away; Monte Carlo is the hunting ground for these quick romances, for skyrocket fortunes. I was certain that this girl had just struck fortune in the person of Mr. Wertheimer.

But I was entirely wrong.

The financier lived at the Hotel de Paris, while the girl was lodged in a more modest hotel. They were never seen together anywhere but at the Casino.

She was a mascotte. Her proximity brought luck to Mr. Wertheimer and he never sat down to a table without assuring himself of her shadowy presence. That entire season, she presided over his destiny, an unusual figure in the midst of the intrigue and vice surrounding her. A mascotte must be a pure girl, an extremely rare object in Monte Carlo, with its temptations and general looseness of living. The financier quite obviously drew a severe line between himself and his fair-haired mascotte. He took no chances in losing her through his own weakness. But she did not return with him the following season.

It seems that Pierre Wertheimer was playing cards with friends at his own home one day and had been losing steadily. Suddenly, luck turned just as swiftly and he won nine hands running. The change was so striking that his friends remarked on it, and while he stopped to light a cigar, one of them remarked:

"Your luck turned when the bell rang at the door. It must have been your luck who entered the house."

The financier was so struck by the remark that he inquired as to who it was who had come to the door, and was told that a girl had delivered some gowns for his wife from the Maison Patou.

"It's a mascotte!" exclaimed the friend, "it's your luck. If you can keep her at your side, you are a sure winner any time you're gambling!"

That was the story of the blond girl, to whom luck also came that day. But I never heard what happened to her afterwards.

There is no doubt that the psychology of the inveterate gambler differs from that of people, not bitten by that mania. To him all gravitates around the green tables, any phenomenon in life may point to that lucky coup, which will bring fortune. But there is the opposite point of view: that the green tables may be used to solve for the player problems too delicate to be decided by mere thinking. I have seen many people allow the table to settle their fate, but never in so striking a manner as that employed by Fanny Robert, Countess de Tessancourt, famous in her youth as a demi-mondaine, and even more celebrated in her old age for the gigolos she surrounded herself with.

I was walking about the gambling rooms one afternoon when the arrival of the septuagenarian Countess attracted my attention, for she was always amusing. She sat down at a baccarat table, holding tightly in her hand the green plush cat, which never left her side, for it was her good luck charm. On the opposite side of the table sat down a young man, whom I did not recognize right away. He was very good looking, carefully dressed and his manner immediately connected him with the aged Countess, although neither spoke to the other and there was a studied air of indifference between them.

The shoe containing the cards finally reached the Countess.

"Ten thousand francs for banco," she announced.

The sum was a very high one, for at that table people gambling did not put down anything over 100 francs. A wave of consternation swept around the table.

"A qui le banco? (For whom the banco)" said the croupier.

"Banco!" said the handsome young man, who had sat down opposite the Countess.

I must here explain that when a banco is announced, all the other players around the table are excluded from the hand. They only participate when no banco is announced. In this case, since the young man had taken up the challenge, he alone was playing against the Countess.

Since she had announced the banco, she gave

Continued on Page 24.

Wedding Photograph of Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten. During His Lordship's Visit to One of the Casino Gambling Tables He Was Mistaken for a Clergyman and Created an Uproar — Ministers Are Regarded as Bad Luck.

"Barely two days passed when an American woman at one of the gambling tables glanced about and saw the black cat crossing the floor in superb isolation. She pointed to the animal and shouted in horror. She rose from the table and refused to gamble that day, and as other Americans joined in the outcry, it was decided to change the cat."

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Stamping Out the Murderous "Leopard-Men" of Africa

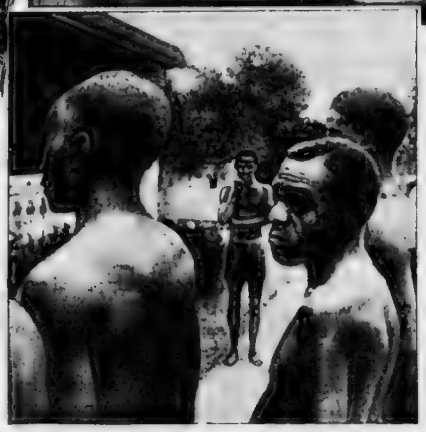
Commander Gatti's Thrilling Account of His Adventures in the North-eastern Congo, Where He Trapped the Secret Killers, Seized Their Terrifying Disguises, and Checked the Crimes of the Merciless Jungle Racketeers

On the Left—The Razor Edged Knives Carried by the Killers Which, When Their Fists Are Unclenched, Draw Within the Palms Like a Huge Cat's Claws

By COMMANDER ATTILIO GATTI,
Commander of the Tenth Gatti African Expedition for Scientific Research in the Ituri Forest for Universities of Johannesburg and the Royal Colonial Societies of Rome and Antwerp, and Noted Author

A

A Favorite Method of Attack by the Savage Killers Is to Spring Upon a Quarry Like an Animal Hidden in a Tree and to Rip the Victim's Throat With His Steel Talons.



One of the Leaders of the Dreaded Anioto, George Cane, Shown at the Right, Turned Out to Be a Descendant of a Civilized Family of America and Liberia. With Others Imprisoned in the Compound, He Was Deported

Remarkable Photograph of an Actual "Leopard Man" Demonstrating for His Captors How He Killed a Victim by Holding One Hand Over the Heart and Slashing the Throat With Claw Like Blades Which Leave Wounds such as Would Be Caused by a Real Leopard
Copyright by Commander Attilio Gatti

[illegible] by Arthur Brisbane and Great Britain Rights Reserved

IT COVERS ROUGH GOING WITH THE CUSHIONED PROWL OF THE PANTHER

One ride will show you why TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING, and the new DYNAFLASH ENGINE, make the 1938 Buick the most modern chassis in the world

THE seat fits you, that's the first thing. It's broad and deep, and it's pitched right, and there's a high comfortable roll back of your shoulders and behind your head.

You look out past the driver in front of you, out over that long graceful bonnet—there is no neck-strain; looking any way, to front or side, you can *see*.

Then there's the feel of sound and secure construction all around you, steel fused on steel, strength knit to silence, the whole borne on a chassis that's taut and firm and finished as a cup defender.

But it's when you hit the rough going, the rutted road, the railway crossings, the cobbled paving, the "washboard" gravel, that this wondrous new 1938 Buick shows you what science can do with a *ride!*

Under you now is something fresh and tireless and new in automotive design, not the old-type leaf spring of yore, but the great soft coils of shock-smothering TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING.

As the beautifully poised car streams onward under the spur of the amazing DYNAFLASH engine, the wheels may dip and curtsy but the body rides true and level as a flung lance.

You sit *in* the cushions, relaxed and rested. You're safer—skid risks are blessedly reduced. You save money—rear tires last measurably longer. And the whole eager car handles with a sureness, a "direct-ability" never before attained.

Please don't stop with admiring the new Buick. Know what DYNAFLASH power and the lullaby ride of TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING mean, by sampling them first-hand on the highway.

BUYER'S DIGEST OF THE 1938 BUICK

NEW DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE

NEW TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING—... ing flutter free ride, weight ... greater anti-skid safety. No shackles ... grease points.

TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE ... chassis sealed against dirt, water, wear.

NEW QUIET ZONE BODY MOUNTING ... scientifically silences body noise and rumble.

ANOLITE PISTONS, durable, long lasting, light as alloy but tough as iron.

AEROBAT CARBURETOR patterned after airplane practice for unfailing fuel feed.

NEW BULL'S-EYE STEERING holds car on line with minimum steering wheel movement.

TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES ... smooth, positive action.

KNEE-ACTION FRONT SPRINGING ... permanent, constant cushion balance ... front.

UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER with built-in jumbo luggage compartments on all closed models and safety plate glass throughout at no extra cost.

BUILT-IN DEFROSTER ... connections and new-mode styling on all models.

AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION optional at slight extra cost on all Buick Specials.

NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

"Better buy Buick!"

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Your Nervous Child May Be a Crushed Genius

Professor Vertes, Noted Hungarian Educator, Points Out That Many Brilliant Minds Could Be Saved If Schools Paid as Much Attention to High-Strung, Unruly Pupils as They Do to Backward and Stupid Ones

Little Carol Lynn Rowe, of Creston, Iowa, 2-Year-Old Genius With a 2500 Word Vocabulary, Whose Mother Devotes Her Entire Time to the Girl's Mental Development

Ability to Vision Fantastic Situations from Commonplace Things Grew Out of Edgar Allan Poe's Acute Nervousness as a Child, Believes Dr. Vertes, and Resulted in Such Famous Tales of Horror as "The Black Cat," Which Is Here Illustrated With a Drawing by A. Martin.

Gifted Nervous Children Were Quickly Distinguished in Dr Vertes' School for Geniuses by Testing Their Powers of Observation With Experimental Pictures. Dr. Vertes Is Shown Here Timing a Pupil Who Was Required Later to Write From Memory All That He Saw in the Picture and What It Suggested to Him

"The Incorrigible," from the Painting by The English Artist John Burr, Picturing the Punishment of a Nervous Child. Professor Vertes Thinks That Instead of Crushing Such Exuberant Children, Teachers Should Test Them for Unusual Talents of Which Their Actions Are Indicative

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BECAUSE ALL EYES AREN'T BUTTONS . . .

BEGIN *Light Conditioning* YOUR HOME TODAY

If eyes were only buttons, we wouldn't need to worry about eyesight. But human eyes are delicate, complicated and easily harmed. Small wonder that only 3 out of 5 young folks reach college age without impaired sight!

Light plays an important part in bringing young eyes safely through their growing years. That is why so many parents are turning to Light Conditioning . . . the scientific way to have the right amount of light and right kind of lighting for seeing, comfort and beauty wherever eyes are used for work or play.

The NEW and BRIGHTER MAZDA lamps, made by General Electric, lead the way to Light Conditioning and BETTER LIGHT for BETTER SIGHT. They give you more light than ever this year without added current consumption. The value of this extra light in 1937 would cost users $12,000,000—if they had to buy it. So you see your pocketbook profits, as well as your eyes, when you insist on lamps that bear the famous G-E mark of lighting research and leadership.

Start Light Conditioning your home tomorrow this easy and economical way . . . with MAZDA lamps made by G-E. Be sure to get the right sizes. Tell your dealer where you expect to use each lamp and he will be glad to tell you the right lamp to select for each purpose. Every size is so low in price that you can't afford to go along using dim, wasteful bulbs, or to accept inferior substitutes.

Remember, you will get lamps that STAY BRIGHTER LONGER, if you look for the G E trademark on the end of each bulb. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

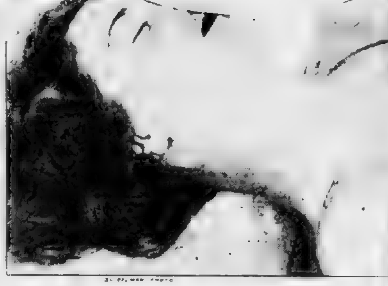
Gadget Crop of 1937

Queer, Useful, Goofy and Typically American Gewgaws That Are Building Up an Important Industry

Oil Compressors for the Face and Hands. They Are Electrically Heated and the Ingredients Contained in Them Lubricate the Skin

The New Duck Fingers for Swimmers, as Demonstrated This Year on the California Coast

The Rubber Gloves and Webbed Socks Which Enable the Inventor, Brother of Gloria Vanderbilt, to Swim at a Rapid Speed



Nose Tents, Originally Improvised by Beach Loungers, Have Lately Come on the Market and Are Used to Protect Susceptible Noses From Sunburn

IT MAY [illegible]

[illegible]

... The gates are still [illegible] to the [illegible] of perpetual [illegible] machines [illegible] that such a [illegible] is impossible

According to Albert G Burns president of the Inventors' Association, there are two classes of inventors, professional and accidental Eighty five per cent of the patents applied for are the result of accidental inventions the other fifteen per cent [illegible]

A professional inventor [illegible] which a need for a device to [illegible] tain thing is sensed and the inventor goes thoroughly and scientifically [illegible] the business of inventing it There are hundreds of such devices needed and undoubtedly thousands of inventors are now working on these ideas Among them are

Socks with interchangeable heels and toes to save darning

A straw hat that will not turn yellow

An unbreakable egg box for shipping purposes

A wooden pencil in which the wood wears down with the lead

A tire that will change itself

An alarm clock that will awaken only the person who wants to be aroused.

A silk stocking that cannot rip or tear.

A collar button which will reveal its location when it rolls under a bureau

An accidental invention is one in which someone improvises a device to meet an emergency or provide greater comfort or convenience Naturally many of these are spur-of-the-moment

[illegible] noses [illegible] to [illegible] something to prevent it Many dabbed lotions or creams on their probosces Others put pieces of cotton under their sun glasses and over the bridge of their schnozzles But one ingenious chap fashioned a little nose tent out of a piece of paper It was simple and it worked In fact, it worked so well that nose tents for sun bathers are now being manufactured commercially

The awe-inspiring illustration at the [illegible] looks as if the wearer of the beauty devices was being inducted [illegible] mysterious secret order Yet these are also among the more successful gadgets of the 1937 crop, oil compresses for the face and hands When applied they are electrically heated and the ingredients contained in them lubricate and enter the tissues of the skin

Swimming devices received special attention of the inventors during the past Summer There were a long line of water-shoe contraptions, some shaped like miniature airplane pontoons, some like large rubber balls. They didn't get very far because their users didn't The effort of raising the clumsy water-shoes in the water or moving them ahead generally tired their wearers very quickly. Two water devices which were found practical, however, are shown on this page.

One is a swimming outfit consisting of rubber gloves, light and paddle-shaped, and webbed socks which enabled the inventor, the brother of Gloria Vanderbilt, to plow through the water much faster than an ordinary [illegible] which [illegible] paddle-shaped rubber gloves [illegible] swimming at a fast clip readily possible

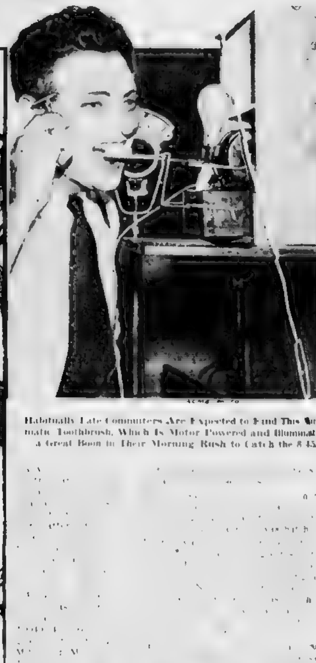
Popular jokes of vaudeville stage have [illegible] responsible for some of the gadgets which have been marketed commercially in 1937 While it might take considerable effort on the part of a skeptic to trace the development of the rumble seat to mother-in-law gags, jokes about slipping in the bathtub have set a number of inventors to doing mental gymnastics to devise a non-slip bathtub

One of them, Samuel Friedlander, of Memphis, Tenn, stuck to the problem until he recently devised a foolproof bathtub with a water-tight door in the side. After a person has finished his bath and let the water drain out, he turns a handle and walks out of the door down a rubber-lined ramp

No matter how ridiculous a contraption may appear, if it has an idea behind it, someone may develop it. The United States Patent Office has even granted a patent for a mechanical egg stamper which is fastened to a hen's tail. The inventor so devised it that when the hen laid an egg, by a system of rubber bands and wire, the hen's name or number and the date was stamped on the egg

According to patent experts, only one in every five hundred inventions really becomes commercially successful Nevertheless, manufacturers and financiers, in recognizing the trick gadget inventions as a new and poten-

Mr Albert G. Burns Is the Exhibitor of This "Mouse-Powered Mouse Trap" and He Admits the Trick Is Done with Mirrors The Mouse Sees a Hole (A), Enters Tunnel (B) Through the Perforated Top of Which a Delicious Aroma of Cheese Is Sprayed from the Jar (C) and Blown Through a Bellows (D) So That the Odor Grows Stronger as the Mouse Proceeds. He Sees His Reflection in the Mirror (E) Which Is Illuminated by a Light Bulb, Believes He Is Seeing Another Mouse and Is Therefore Safe, and Walks Through the Opening of the Outer Chamber (F). As He Enters the Chamber (G) He Sees Himself Reflected in Mirrors (H) and Thinks There Is a Mouse Party Going On; Beyond the Opening to the Inner Chamber (I) He Sees a Luscious Piece of Cheese. He Rushes Into the Chamber and Picks Himself Out a Stall (J, K, L, M, and N) and by Nibbling on the bait Drops a Grating, Imprisoning Him. Curious Mice Have Already Been Caught in (J, M and N) and the Odds Are That Our Hero Will Land Behind the Bars of (L).



Habitually Late Commuters Are Expected to Find This Automatic Toothbrush, Which Is Motor Powered and Illuminated, a Great Boon in Their Morning Rush to Catch the 8.45.

[illegible]

United States Patent Office [illegible] resident, Samuel Friedlander put Memphis in the gadget hall of fame solely as the home of his [illegible] Nor [illegible] is long as he could invent colored cigarette smoke

Otto noticed that women painted their fingernails red, green and other colors He also knew that a lot of them smoked cigarettes Why not combine 'em both in an ensemble, a veritable symphony of color just the way they do with hats, shoes, dresses, novelty jewelry and other feminine accessories, he mused And so colored cigarette smoke, to match milady's fingernails, was born in Otto's fertile brain and patented

It is rather difficult to determine whether the electric tooth-brush recently invented by Robert Garden of New York City falls in the accidental or professional class. At any rate it has attracted a lot of attention from commuters.

Mr Garden, who formerly was a commuter, is said to have moved to the [illegible] three [illegible]

[illegible] crushing [illegible] when he nearly [illegible] And so he invented the [illegible] which brushes the teeth automatically while he shaved by hand

Almost at the start of this symposium of freak gadgets it was mentioned that perpetual motion machines just didn't work Nevertheless Mr Burns has a mouse-powered one that may [illegible] the business It's a rodent-trap and does the trick with mirrors But let Mr Burns tell about it

"It works like this," says Mr Burns "The first mouse sees in front of him a modernized mouse hole It is sprayed delicately with cheese perfume, which is thin and elusive at the entrance and increasingly strong toward the end of the hole. The mouse enters the hallway and looks into a lighted mirror He thinks his own reflection is another mouse

"Losing all caution, he moves into a glassed-in compartment of a little room full of mirrors and a grating drops behind him He discovers the cheese is in another transparent chamber He stops to cogitate

"Another mouse outside looks in and sees a dozen mice a whole convention – so he comes in, too Another grate drops, and so it goes

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THE *Ten Millionth*

A memorable milestone in radio history!... And to commemorate the occasion, Philco presents a special series of exact replicas of the Ten Millionth Philco... the famous High-Fidelity 116xx *with Automatic Tuning on the new Inclined Control Panel!*

Never before such a radio as this! The Ten Millionth Philco . . . 116 Double-X . . . has an exclusive Philco High Fidelity Audio System. Individual and personal control of both Treble and Bass . . . anti-distortion Beam Output Tubes . . . the exclusive Philco two-in-one High Fidelity Speaker . . . Wide-Angle Sound Diffusion . . . Acoustic Clarifiers to prevent "boom" . . . and the famous Inclined Sounding Board to bring every note up to ear level.

It takes *all* these features to give you Philco High-Fidelity reception . . . to actually double the tonal range of ordinary good low fidelity radios. It took years of research . . . years of experimentation . . . and the building of ten million Philcos to develop the Philco High-Fidelity System. But never before has radio achieved such soul-stirring realism.

Philco 116 Double-X brings you the full tones and over-tones that enable you to distinguish every instrument in an orchestra. You catch every delicate shading in pianissimo passages . . . hear a fortissimo finale free from blare, boom or distortion. A woman's voice sounds truly feminine, a tenor sounds like a tenor . . . not like a baritone. All this, Philco High-Fidelity and only Philco High-Fidelity gives you!

See and hear the Ten Millionth Philco. Thrill to the living tone of Philco High Fidelity. Then discover also how the Philco Foreign Tuning System makes "locals" of overseas stations . . . how Philco Automatic Tuning brings *any* of your favorite stations with a flick of your fingers . . . how the Inclined Control Panel eliminates squatting, stooping and squinting.

To commemorate an occasion which only a few years ago would have seemed almost beyond belief, Philco offers a special series of exact replicas of the Ten Millionth Philco . . . identified by a commemorative medallion on which the owner's name may be engraved. The Ten Millionth Series is now on display at your Philco dealer's. See it . . . hear it . . . learn how easily you may own it on the Philco-Commercial Credit Easy Payment Plan.

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A Musical Instrument of Quality

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$50,000
IN PRIZES
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MYSTERIES
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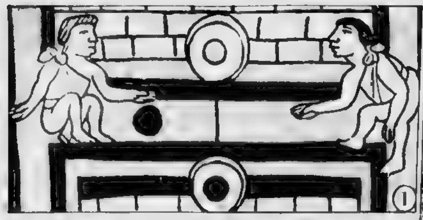
Mail This Coupon: We'll send you a beautiful souvenir brochure describing The Ten Millionth Philco. At the same time you will receive full details and an official entry blank for Philco's Radio Mystery Contest with $50,000.00 in cash prizes!
NAME
ADDRESS



Montezuma Loses in an Ancient Basketball Game With a Sorcerer —an Evil Omen

The Omen Comes True When Cortes Lands on the Mexican Coast

Fearing the Invaders, Aztec Magicians Offer Them Poisoned Foods

Cortes and His Army Near Mexico City—Whose Famous Volcanoes Are Shown in the Background

Smallpox and Other Diseases Brought by the Spaniards Sweep the City and Cuauhtemoc, Last of the Aztec Chiefs, Ends the Warfare

How the Aztecs Pictured the Conquest

NEARLY four [illegible] ago an [illegible] under the [illegible] leadership of [illegible] the coast of Mexico [illegible] after [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] this page [illegible] Aztec artists and [illegible] history of the [illegible] was published [illegible] Mexico [illegible]

[illegible] Natural History said in a recent article in the Museum's Magazine that the drawings originally were intended to illustrate a history of the new world written by a Spanish monk, Sahagun, in 1560 but were separated from the text by accident.

Evil signs and portents had been troubling the mighty Montezuma, war chief of the Aztecs whose headquarters were at Tenochtitlan, the site of what today is the city of Mexico. In the first picture at the upper left hand corner of the page Montezuma is shown playing a sort of basketball with Nezahualpilli, chief of a neighboring tribe whose magicians had prophesied an invasion contrary to the prophesies of Montezuma's soothsayers. The two chiefs played the game to determine whose magicians were right and Montezuma lost.

Sure enough, in 1519 Cortes and his Spanish soldiers landed on the coast of Mexico. The second picture in this series depicts that landing and soon Montezuma heard disturbing reports about strange new monsters that walked on four legs and had human bodies growing out of their backs. It was the first time the Indians had ever seen horses and they were terrified by the animals. No less were they terrified by the shining armor of the Spaniards, and their guns which went off with a roar like thunder and killed from great distances.

Eventually Montezuma learned that these strange invaders were actually human and not gods as he had at first assumed. They were mortal, as some of his spies proved by killing a couple of the Spaniards. Deciding that trickery was the best way to deal with the invaders, Montezuma sent Aztec magicians to greet the newcomers and present them with food that had been bewitched, and to make certain poisoned, but Cortes was too smart to fall into the trap and soon his armies were marching to Mexico City, as is shown in the drawing at the upper right hand corner which shows Mexico City's two famed volcanoes in the background.

Eventually Montezuma greeted Cortes and the latter promptly made him captive and held him as hostage for the good behavior of the rest of the tribe. In picture No. 7 Montezuma is shown addressing his subjects and begging them to submit to the Spaniards, but his once loyal folk were felt their leader had turned traitor and would have nothing to do with him. Meanwhile a growing feeling of hatred for the invaders was seeping through the Aztec tribesmen. Cortez about this time returned to the coast and left his lieutenant Alvarado in command of the troops. Alvarado was a tactless and not specially intelligent man and when a large number of tribesmen gathered for the annual feast in celebration of one of their gods he became frightened and ordered his troops to fire into the assembled worshippers with rifles and cannons. The result was a massacre and an instant uprising of the Aztecs who drove the Spaniards into their garrison. This is shown in picture No. [illegible]

[illegible] of the [illegible] Aztecs [illegible] that was [illegible] period the [illegible] Cortes [illegible] was [illegible] The battle that followed went against Cortes. His followers attacked the Great Temple at [illegible] The Spaniards [illegible] attacks [illegible] to [illegible] the arrows of the Aztecs but finally Cortes [illegible] These [illegible] No. 10.

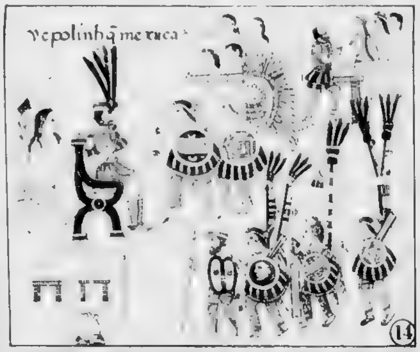
During this time Montezuma was killed and a new chief was elected. He held [illegible] a short time [illegible] Cuauhtemoc [illegible] chief. The Spaniards [illegible] to the coast where they [illegible] up [illegible] Indian followers hostile to the Aztecs and started back toward Tenochtitlan.

Even then Cortes might not have been successful had it not been for the Texcocans, closest allies of the Aztecs, who betrayed their fellow Indians and went over to the Spanish side, giving Cortes a base on the Lake of Mexico. Discovering he had been betrayed, Cuauhtemoc launched an attack on the Spaniards with his navy of war canoes. Cortes however completed a fleet of galleys armed with cannons and launched them on the lake. The frail war canoes of the Aztecs had no chance against the [illegible] built [illegible] of Spain and soon the Aztecs were driven back into their city. The Spaniards [illegible] great holes in the fortifications of the town with their cannon.

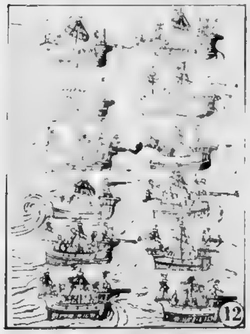
Disease broke out among the Indians. Smallpox and many other illnesses brought over by the Spaniards swept through the Aztec nation.

Eventually Cuauhtemoc realized he was fighting a losing battle and ordered the abandonment of his city. With his family he attempted to escape in a canoe but was captured. His courage impressed even Cortes but despite this he was imprisoned. When he refused to admit that the Aztecs had buried any treasure before they abandoned the city he was tortured and eventually he was [illegible]

In the drawing at the center of the page the final scene in the subjugation of Mexico by Spain is portrayed. Cortes is formally receiving the surrender of Cuauhtemoc and the inscription in the upper left hand corner of the picture when translated means "With this event the Mexicans were finished."



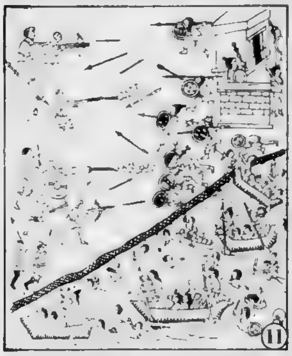
Cuauhtemoc Surrenders to Cortes, and in the Inscription the Indian Artist Declares With This Event the Mexicans Were Finished. The Aztec Chieftain Was Imprisoned, Tortured and Finally Murdered and the King of Spain Ruled a New World.



Cortes Constructs Galleons Which Soon Drive the Aztecs Back Into Their City

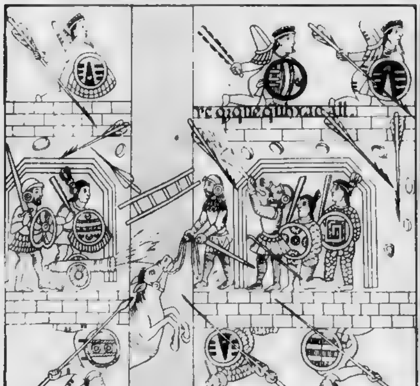
Cortes Meets Montezuma and Holds Him a Hostage

The Strange Horses and Weapons of the Spaniards Terrify the Aztecs.



The Aztecs Attack the Spanish Base on Lake Mexico With War Canoes.

Montezuma Begs His People for Peace, but They Think Him a Traitor



Wooden Tanks Were Constructed to Protect the Spaniards From Arrows, but in Spite of This They Were Driven From the City.

Cortes and His Men Attack the Great Temple but in the Battle That Follows He Suffers Heavy Losses.

After an Attack Upon a Religious Gathering the Indians Finally Revolt and Drive the Spaniards Into Their Garrison

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Friend to the King

by Robert Neal Leath

A Strip-Tease Dancer With Very Moral Ideas Meets a Monarch Who Never Had Any Fun—With Some Interesting Results

"For me, beautiful," Butch said, "your chin will never sag. Nor your figure, neither."

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

[illegible]

CHAPTER IV.
Cheese Bites Mouse

[illegible]

And now Sir Frederick seemed set to establish a record for [illegible]

[illegible]

"Kneel!" Butch Roared—"Kneel—to Majesty, to Rudolph the Seventh! And kneel—" He Added, Still Roaring—"to your Queen!"

[illegible] back before he Sir Frederick became Mussolini [illegible]

His valet [illegible] Sir Frederick's shoulder [illegible] Frederick blinked, remembered with a shock that he trusted this servant's judgment implicitly, sat bolt upright, and mutely reached for the extended telephone.

"Sir Frederick?"

"Yes."

"Inspector Farnell speaking. At headquarters."

"Good morning."

"You seen the morning papers, Milord?"

"I'm still asleep," Sir Frederick said indignantly.

"Then you better wake up quick, Milord, in all due respect on account of I am resigning."

"Oh come, Farnell. You can't do that."

"I will take a chance on resigning before I take a chance on obeying your orders, Milord, and bumping off a certain party," Farnell said firmly.

"Explain yourself, man!"

"Last night you do not tell me about this angle of the boy bees," Farnell said, "and this morning all the papers got it, copied back [illegible]

[illegible] could not be accused of negligent dalliance, because Sir Frederick himself had specifically instructed that Daisy Mae's exit should not occur until [illegible] day.

He had decided, for appearance's sake, that Daisy Mae must be given at least eighteen hours in which to present herself to the public at the Vundergarten and at her hotel, freely, unaccompanied by the king, before her demise. So that the public might have an opportunity to conclude their affair had gone pffft.

He had intended to silence Daisy Mae forever, not from the newspapers but in fear of the rumors, whispers, the mounting subtle scandal which ordinarily and inevitably would arise. His [illegible] Hershfield Smith. This conference quickly became the center of a hurricane of activity. But in mid-afternoon Sir Frederick [illegible]

"We are agreed?"

They were.

"Then let's go!"

Half an hour later, after they had been delivered at the king's palace, Sir Frederick put a parchment document on a Louis XIV table and told Butch, "Just sign there."

His Majesty Rudolph VII, otherwise known as Butch, looked pale. This room, a huge office, was part of his personal suite. Under one arm he, too, had a newspaper, which Franko had brought at a gallop hours before [illegible] body within call of this room whose true loyalty he could trust, save possibly Franko, who was only one man. He knew that during decades long ago and far away his forebears had made themselves into kings and sustained their kingships by the weight of their fists, their swords.

Good men they'd been, strong and mighty men, men who dined on steak and the hell with the spinach. Such a man Butch knew that he himself was not. But, perhaps, he told himself, he could give a convincing imitation. In his mind the image of Daisy Mae Delano stood more entrancing, more real than any dream. Daisy Mae dancing, lovely, a girl that any king worthy [illegible] be practically a shotgun wedding. Daisy Mae might have talked and they may or may not have learned he had proposed marriage to Daisy Mae.

Regardless, Butch possessed one item of knowledge which the Big Three did not possess: the fact that Daisy Mae had declined. As a king, he hadn't been able to get her. As a forcibly dethroned king his chances certainly could not improve. And since there is no courage more invincible than the courage of despair, Butch suddenly started truly to become a king.

To say that a king could have stood in awe and fear of power may seem strange, but such had been the truth with Butch. He [illegible] His glance sharpened to a point.

"You're too what?"

"At Oxford, Bologna and Paris I studied history," Butch said, "as it was proper for a prince to do. And I remember some of it. There are many old laws on the books of this nation, a lot of which have fallen into disuse and are never enforced, but could be enforced. And likewise, there are certain prerogatives and rights of the monarch which have been forgotten, but which remain to him, should he choose to exercise them."

"Such as?"

Skin wrinkled at Butch's eyes and his smooth chin hardened.

"I can, and shall, demand the resignation of the Cabinet min-

[illegible]

At Daisy Mae's hotel he had little trouble. Charging through the reporters he burst into her suite [illegible] Daisy Mae in the bedroom [illegible] even though [illegible] it was nearly half-past five.

She had her head sort of cuddled in the crook of her bare left arm. Without makeup her skin was petals of assorted roses. Her hair [illegible]

[illegible]

"In that case," Daisy Mae said, "we better go call on the king."

Franko started [illegible]

"At the palace?"

"At the palace."

Franko said, "Baby, we can call, and probably we can get in, and as for me, maybe I can get out, but as for you, you will get out only in a coffin."

"I will walk out alive under my own power, and do you want to know why?" Daisy Mae said. "I am practically nothing but one overgrown ear."

This is why [illegible] Daisy Mae said [illegible] reached for the [illegible] called the [illegible] Meiningst [illegible] and added, "If you could have a photographer at the palace right away, he can take my picture going in for an audience with His Majesty, and if you have a reporter there also, I [illegible] have

(Continued on Page 22)

[illegible]

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Friend to the King

by Robert Neal Leath

(Continued from Page 20)

A statement to make when I can get out.

"Pooh," said the city editor. "I cannot spare one photographer for this item. Nor can I spare one reporter. I can only spare the entire staff, including me. We'll be waiting for you."

CHAPTER V.
Calling All Cars!

AFTER Daisy Mae had repeated her message to all other newspapers and all the news-wires in the nation, she demurely put the receiver down.

"Now, do you see why?"

Franko had gone through a minor Balkan war and emerged with one medal which he carried around in his pocket as insurance against dumb traffic cops after Franko may innocently have happened to pass a boulevard stop without the formality of stopping. This medal he now produced and silently handed to Daisy Mae, also offering his hand.

"Sweetheart," he said, "I've been underestimating you. Supposing your deal with His Majesty does not go through, how's for a rain-check for me?"

"Oh, no indeed!" Daisy Mae said coldly, flinging the covers back and leaping from the bed, but right now we must hurry!"

"Eh?" Franko said. "I'll er wait outside."

Kindly," Daisy Mae firmly corrected in her best international accent. "do not be absurd! On account of you, already know what I look like, nuder, or you must have been blind at the Vindergarten and you will kindly stay right here with me till we get where we're going."

After they had passed the mob of newspapermen at the palace gates and after they had come into Butch's office, Daisy Mae stood very still.

For this occasion she wore a very old linen suit since it was inconspicuous and a distracting navy blue blouse. She had a black hat also to match. She looked at Butch a long time at length, as though really seeing him for the first time. They were almost of a height. She could look into his face by lifting her eyes only a little.

She said, "So now you're going to bust the works wide open."

"Yep!" Butch said.

Daisy Mae studied him and an exciting strange little tingle started at the top of her head and went right on down to her yellow slippers.

Let us please have the record straight," she said. "Why?"

Butch said, "A friend of mine doesn't care for imitations that's why."

Daisy Mae was crushed.

Aw, Butchie," she said. She'd never said that Butchie before. So you couldn't blame Butchie's heart for sort of plunging backwards and turning over.

The angle of the fish-bones sort of gave me a choice," he said.

Daisy Mae said choosing her words with care. And you decided that busting the works wide open was better than resigning?"

Butch remembered one of Daisy Mae's own expressions. He said it back at her.

What could I lose," he said.

She demanded. "What would you win?"

Well," Butch began and stopped looking at her. Maybe there was a plug in his throat.

For the sake of the record," Daisy Mae said and found her own breath somewhat short, "am I to understand that you are doing all this for me?"

Butch grimaced, shrugged. "Yes!" he said.

Well he had said "Yes!" all for Daisy Mae she decided.

Daisy Mae waited a moment. Then Butchie darling, you recall the strictly platonic character of all our affection up to now. You are acquainted with the hay-been angle—and yet you plan all this uproar for me alone because you still wish to make me your bride?"

If—" Butch said politely, hopelessly obstinately "you will kindly be so kind."

And the—angle makes no difference?"

An expression of acute surprise perhaps even of astonishment altered this king's features.

"Why should it make a difference?" Butch waved a hand vaguely. "I'm quite sure I'd like the—er patterings of any baby feet over the floor. Sort of would make you feel." he explained "like laughter and—er song."

All at once Daisy Mae thought she had to cry but desperately decided she could do that later.

Why?" she repeated for the sake of the record.

Butch lifted his own eyes. They were stricken but Daisy Mae saw something new in them, something fine and keen as a sword.

My dear," he said. "I—Butch said in a—er—voice—I have only to look at you and I am rested and—" he put his nice, kind chin out and it had muscle in it. I think," he said "you are more beautiful than a dream of love and I would feel foul you lady but it will be for your beauty that I shall live all the days of my life."

Everybody gets—" Daisy Mae said. Their fish-bones and they get fat."

For me beautiful," Butch said your chin—your—and Nor your figure—mother."

Then Daisy Mae—it pained she would have to cry a great deal later. But secretly after the present pressing business had been got out of the way. Right now she suddenly knew she had to brush something precious something she might never find again, while the grabbing was good.

The fact that Butchie was a king had nothing to do with it. That thing concerned, in some confused way, a—all white house and children and—it—and this—growing in the sun about the house. She knew suddenly what—it—this little—was that king—and I Butch, love my life—I—would—I—could—she—I—mean truth—that for—honor—she—I—mean truth—a word beautiful as she was now—nothing as she might live and that nothing—I—thought—now not the years nor anything—in the perpetual subterfuge of the leaves of the street.

She sighed. Fondly. Protectively. With surely. As every true woman sometimes sighs.

Men are such fools!" she observed.

Butch started.

"Eh?"

"Eh?" said Frank.

Daisy Mae—Sighed—So—pose Butchie—Wutchie—lamsbop here really tries to—do what he plans to do? First he must get out of this palace."

Butch said stubbornly. "I'll get out."

Sure" Daisy Mae agreed "full of bullets."

Franko moaned. That's one hundred per cent correct," he agreed.

I don't like imitations" Daisy Mae reminded them. "But I like corpses even less. Once upon a time Butchie I promised to be your friend."

I remember Butch said.

He'd never had any friend, except possibly the Viscount Franko. He'd never had any friend who was a lovely girl.

Hold everything, friend sweetheart!" Daisy Mae said stoutly. "Because right now the friendship of little Daisy goes into action and as for you, Franko come along!"

The jitters hit Franko. He jittered from foot to foot, gasped!

So long, pal"—and dashed in Daisy Mae's wake.

Out the palace she went, and across the courtyard. At the gates the guards, armed with mediæval pikes, knew better, through instruction, than to stop her, but they tried to stop Franko.

"Guardsie-wardsies," Daisy Mae said, "Franko here is a friend to the king! And, as such a friend to me!" And one more word out of you and I start kicking in the right places and screaming, and now do we both go by or do you want to make something out of it?"

The two guards looked at each other, then through the gateway at the mob of waiting reporters shuddered, drew apart, lifted their pikes, and shut their eyes

"Sweetheart," said Franko to Daisy Mae, "supposing your deal with His Majesty doesn't go through, how's for a rain check for me?"

Greater courage than theirs regardless of any order would have been required for them to refuse exit from the royal palace to any friend of this particular friend to the king, considering the reception room this which awaited him in plain sight.

For it is not—to—to all in public service—to—to—go—to—to—and—to—to—that hell bath—fury—to—a—woman—to—porters—to—to—to—to—

And—to—to—to—Daisy Mae—to—to—to—to

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Behind the Scenes at Monte Carlo

By Baron Charles de Richter

(Continued from Page 8)

the cards. When the hand ran out at the crucial moment she saw in this the clear indication that the marriage was not to be that she was destined for romance.

I must here explain that for once the cards were right. The young man was no other than Serge de Lutz, known as the "society burglar." Famous for his good looks he had always managed to live off susceptible women of a certain age. He quietly dressed, with such manners as few men can hope of having, he had made quite a career through the gilded salons of elderly women, whom he had taught nothing and who had much money for their own use. He had also committed several daring burglaries and was finally sent to prison for ten years of which he only served eight.

Upon obtaining his freedom, he started up the old game. Providence turned against him in breaking up his contemplated marriage with the rich Countess de Tessancourt but he had meanwhile made the acquaintance of a rich American, Mr de Guise Hite, who had a magnificent property the Chateau des Tourelles at Dieppe. The friendship ended by de Lutz abstracting the American's small safe from the Chateau one day when the owner was away having confided his keys to the handsome Serge. With several previous convictions de Lutz could not convince the jury that his only reason for taking out the safe was not to get hold of the money and jewels it contained, but to examine the private papers of the American, whom he thought to be the Duke de Guise, pretender to the French throne. The explanation was too thin to hold and in spite of the "society burglar" suave manner and attractive personality, he was given another jail sentence.

The Countess de Tessancourt passed away more than a year ago at Nice.

What strange things happened in the gambling salons! Wandering around as did, I saw much that made me think and wonder. So one day I tackled the famous Professor Charles Richet, who often came to Monte Carlo to relax from his strenuous work in the laboratories of the Sorbonne. He loved Monte Carlo and was especially interested in the psychology of gambling. This was undoubtedly a part of that general interest he developed toward the end of his life in spiritualism.

"How is it," I asked him that day, "that a system which apparently works perfectly when it is studied out at home and played with beans, invariably smashes when applied to the actual gambling tables." Is it because fate only allows just a certain set number of lucky games, and these once exhausted, luck is gone."

"I don't think it is that," replied Professor Richet. "You must first take into consideration the influences exerted in a gambling room which are lacking in the home. Just think of all the passion concentrated here, all these brain waves that radiate and clash among themselves. You laugh at people who carry charms with them, but you're wrong. What do we know of the secret influence exercised by objects? We are much behind the Egyptians of the Pyramid period in this study. How do you know that the amulet and cord in your pocket, or the bit of African wood do not have emanations which have influences unknown to you? All superstitions are based on unconscious facts. Because we do not know them does not mean that they do not exist."

But common sense tells me this is nonsense. I don't think Professor Richet believed a word of it.

Of course the croupiers who are in close touch with the players have opportunity to observe the strange ways of the patrons of the tables. And sometimes they have astonishing adventures outside the Casino. I was told of the experience of one who was asked to officiate as croupier at a private gaming party at the villa of a Spanish millionaire who had made more money than he could ever spend in Cuba.

He said that he was Spanish and probably that was his nationality. On the night in question the croupier was able to obtain leave from the Casino to earn the very handsome fee the rich Cuban offered him to take charge of the gaming that was to take place that night at his villa. He arrived just before midnight, at the arranged hour, and proceeded to lay out and arrange the very up-to-date gambling outfit which the Cuban had provided. Soon the guests began to arrive from the Casino and the Sporting Club and he noticed that they were all men.

This is to be a bachelors' party" he said to himself and looked forward to an evening of high play. A wonderful supper was served in the dining room of the villa, one of the features of which was the au lien appareil from amongst an enormous bowl of flowers in the center of the table of a young and pretty girl masked, but in a state of complete nudity.

Having made her bow to the guests who applauded loudly, the girl began to dance in the middle of the table her twinkling feet daintily evading all the beautiful crystal glass and the rest of the table ornaments. After her dance she leapt amongst the flowers and again disappeared. The supper over, the guests repaired to the salon where the gaming was to take place and when the croupier took charge. The play soon became interesting and stakes soared higher and higher.

Suddenly his expert knowledge of roulette wheels began to tell him that the wheel that the Cuban had supplied was not quite as it should be. The number 1 was coming up much too often even for the law of averages, and the fact that the millionaire was continually staking a cheval each time this number came up added to his suspicions.

It was certainly a crooked game and the host's luck seemed too phenomenal to be just unadulterated luck. Suddenly the Cuban got to his feet and signalled to the croupier to stop the wheel, and quaffing his glass of champagne, he eyed the guests all by this time more or less under the influence of the wine.

"I'm tired of playing for money" he said "we are all wealthy men and it is not much fun playing for that which has really no value to us. What about some other form of stake?"

What do you mean?" asked the man at his side "what other stake can we play for?"

For a moment the Cuban looked mysterious, then suddenly all the lights in the room went out with the exception of one small globe behind the middle area, which threw his swarthy face into a strange and evil light. He clapped his hands and a black curtain against one end of the room was drawn aside by unseen hands and standing in a dull red glow on a small pedestal was the girl who had danced on the supper-table. For a few moments there was an eerie silence in the room as the guests looked spellbound toward the girl revealed by the drawing back of the curtain.

"Gentlemen!" said the Cuban, in a low voice that yet penetrated to everyone present, surely a stake worth while!"

His suggestion was received with an amazed murmur amongst the men. One man struck a match for his cigar with agitated fingers another coughed nervously, a third gave a low, evil chuckle.

Well" murmured the Cuban nebulously.

Spun up the wheel, Monsieur le Croupier" said one of the men.

He looked at the millionaire, he nodded, and as the croupier stood irresolute he said sharply

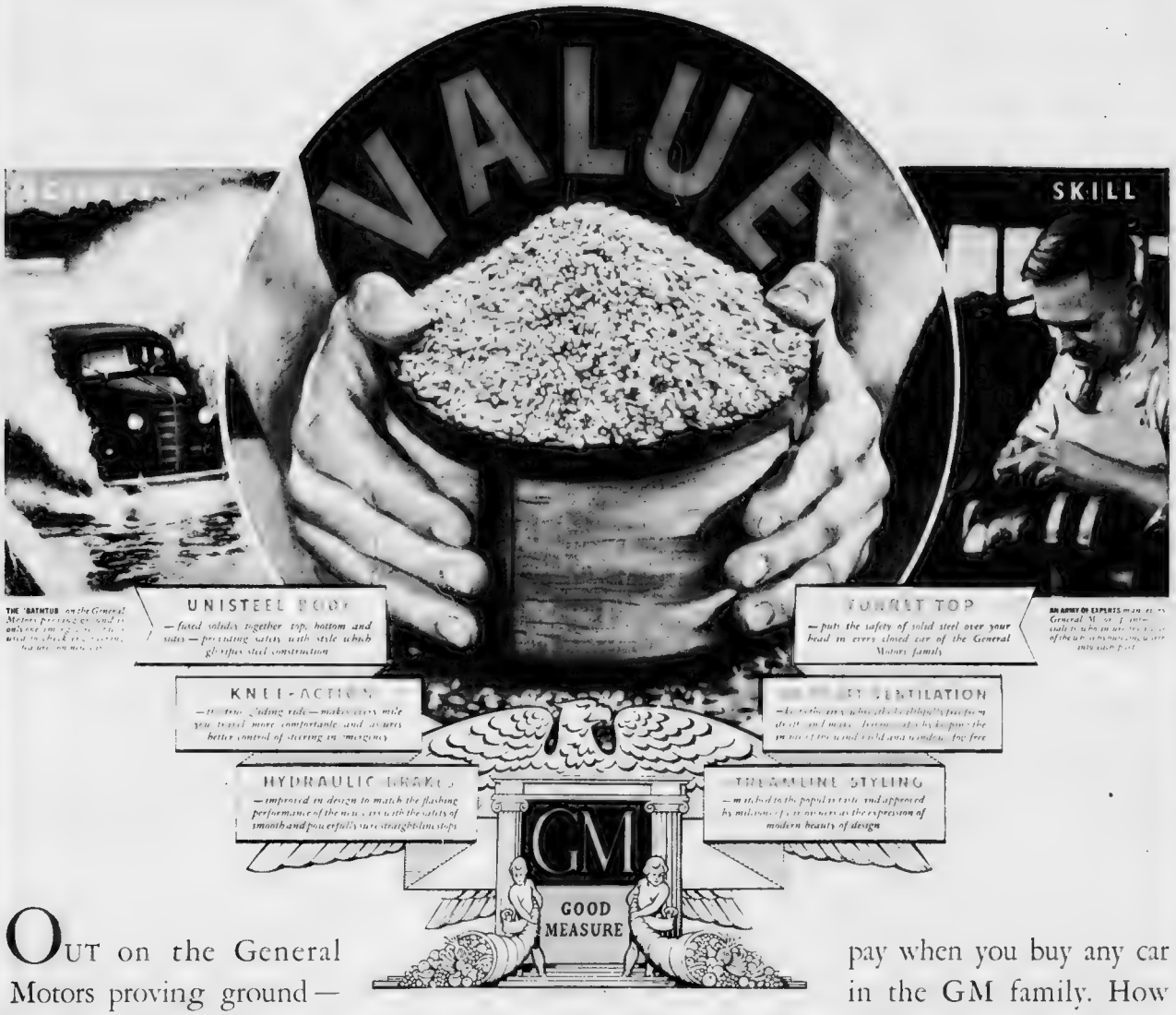
"Let the game proceed!"

Shaking, he spun the wheel at came to a standstill and then the stakes on the table being cleared, the Cuban laid down the conditions for his unholy gamble.

I will place a number in a sealed envelope and give it to Mademoiselle then the game will proceed until her number comes up and then the lucky man" to stakes less than 10,000 francs mind you!"

The croupier saw the devilish plot at once. The woman was in league with the Cuban who was a clever gambling freak. They had obtained the croupier's services as a blind because he was well known for his honesty as a Casino employee, and now the crooked wheel was to be kept off the number that the girl held as long as possible while the "bank" took all the 10,000-franc stakes. Then the Cuban himself would win the prize" take the girl, be called a lucky fellow by his guests, and that would be an end of the matter.

He spun the wheel, and as the game proceeded his brain worked swiftly. Coup after coup was played and still the roulette wheel failed to register the number held by the girl. An hour passed and the guests were [illegible] the girl [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]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Friend to the King by Robert Neil Leath

(Continued from Page 21)

"Could you send a photographer and a reporter for my audience with His Majesty?" Asked Daisy Mae

"Tools," Said the City Editor, "I can not spare a photographer and one reporter. I can only spare the entire staff, including me."

... the sun was hot again ... twittering and brooks babbling ... that. He started toward Daisy Mae.

But ... Later ...

Furthermore ... Big Three ...

The End

Stamping Out the Murderous "Leopard Men" of Africa

(Continued from Page 11)

Contrary to all previous experience the magistrates found him willing to tell all he knew about the sect.

... the first photographs ever taken of a Leopard Men ...

... stronger. The Belgian authorities ... they succeeded in apprehending and punishing the ringleaders and freeing their territory from the scourge of the Leopard Men.

To the results of these inquests which I followed day by day I was able to add many facts and circumstances hitherto unknown which I learned from the natives of our safari.

Strange as it may seem the legend of Leopard Men ... of every part of Central Africa ... the same general customs has had in each region varied origins.

In West Africa the slave traders were the first to adopt ... some native rulers took up the system and continued it for their own profit to compel other tribes to ask for protection, or ...

... enemies, the Mangbetu who actually believed that the forest ...

In the ... some 400 years ago ... were the ... to know the great secret of ... smelting and work ... where the ... metallurgic operations were conducted.

In the vast elephant country of the Uele the young warriors have still today the ... of great ... some clandestine adventure which if discovered would entail the severest punishment. To protect themselves they dressed as Leopard Men ... anyone ...

... But I will limit myself to an examination of the Membela Secret Society, for it is ... bursts of ... lowed so closely.

The Membela is a sect ... no one has ever before ...

(Continued on Page 27)

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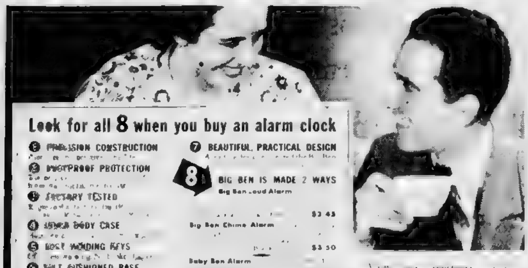

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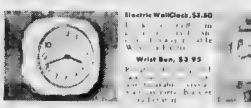

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RESINOL OINTMENT and SOAP

Stamping Out the Murderous "Leopard-Men" of Africa

(Continued from Page 26)

el with the Leopard-Men. Yet it is the actual cause of all their activities in Northern and Eastern Congo. It is still enormously powerful, as every male Babiru of age must belong to it or become an outcast.

The complicated initiation ceremonies of the sect, which last for two months and are conducted in a hidden clearing far inside the forest, are assigned to build up the character of the novitiate, who must submit himself to involved tortures and flagellations.

Taking advantage of the high mental excitement and physical weakness of the youth, the witch doctors impress indelibly upon him the paramount importance of passive obedience to the will of the Chief and the vital necessity, not only for the preservation of his own life and that of his family, but for the existence of the whole race, to guard the secrets of the clan.

The hierarchy of the sect is very strict, and hereditary. There are eguafi ishinu who command a clan, and the Tata Ka Mambela, who is the supreme Chief. He is not the Paramount Chief invested by the Government, nor are the ishinu necessarily among the recognized chiefs. But they are actually the rulers of the country, and their council constitutes a hidden, omnipotent power that, entirely outside the knowledge of the white man, decides peace and war, judges the most important questions between members of the sect and between the Babiru and other tribes, with power over life and death, confiscations and vengeance.

Here's where the Anito comes in.

It is nothing more than a band of executioners of the supreme council of the Mambela. It is a carefully trained squad of assassins, sometimes lent to a member of the council who wants to satisfy personal hatred; sometimes carrying out the private pursuits of the Tata Ka Mambela; at other times, killing to satisfy cannibalistic lust.

In any case, the Anioto go out by ones or twos and kill at random any individual, male or female, whom they can find alone and defenseless, so long as that individual belongs to the tribe, the clan or the family that the Tata Ka Mambela has put "on the spot."

In the series of crimes that began with the disappearance of my boy, Kommanda, and took from the roster of our porters a total of 42 human lives, the chief of that tribe had had the misfortune to displease the witch doctor of a neighboring clan. The witch doctor happened to be a big ishinu, and during a council of the Mambela arranged for a band of Leopard-Men to be sent to punish his personal foe.

The band, organized with military discipline, operated from a hiding place in the forest. Fatuma, the wife of the witch doctor and a priestess of the cult, received secretly the orders of her husband and directed the eight men who composed the squad. Four, the leader and three others, were the killers; one, the blacksmith who made and repaired the knives, and the remaining three acted alternately as lookouts.

They had created alibis for themselves of incredible effectiveness. A few years before, with the aid of their ishnu, they had been reported as dead. Since that time they had never emerged from the forest except under the protection of their masks. In the forest, and throughout the whole of the activities of the sect, they used assumed names, a ruse which for a long time baffled all official inquiries.

Each time they were able to carry away the body of a victim without interruption; they took it into the forest and performed mutilations in a spirit of fanatic frenzy and morbid excitement difficult to believe. Then with a stick of agba-agba wood carved at the bottom in the form of a feline foot they impressed on the ground around the body the simulated footprints of a leopard, obliterating their own, and with their ghastly spoils went into hiding.

There they performed their cannibalistic rites. If the victim were a woman, the beasts, symbol of fecundity, were given to Fatuma, who was in turn the lover of each member of the band. Eyes were boiled with knives to give them a precise aim. Heart and liver were dried to make a dowa, a medicine taken to inspire crimes.

Meanwhile, having put the crimes in motion, the witch doctor himself remained safe in his village.

Or so he thought. Then Anioto "justice" went astray, and the actual instigator of 42 murders was caught and hanged.

The wall of mystery behind which the Anioto have cunningly hidden throughout the centuries is crumbling. And among the natives of the whole country the feeling is growing that the day of doom has finally come for the Human-Leopards.

Strange Experiences No One Can Solve—Or Can They?

(Continued from Page 5)

were especially struck by a beautiful and amiable woman whose face seemed vaguely familiar.

The walk continued through a beautiful grove and past a door of the palace from which a footman also dressed in the costumes of long ago came out and spoke to them. In spite of the interest in their surroundings both girls experienced a curious feeling of depression, returned to their Paris lodgings and went to bed as usual. Only later did the remarkable nature of their experience impress them.

The grove through which they had seemed to walk had been cut down; they uncovered, for many years. The palace door which had disgorged the footman had long ago been bricked up to make a new stairway. No masquerade had been in progress on the day of their visit and no one else had seen people in costumes of a century before. The lady who had so much impressed them, turned out to be on examination of portraits to have been the unfortunate Marie Antoinette killed by the revolutionaries in 1793. Two sane and intelligent Englishwomen apparently had been transported, for an afternoon, to a section of Paris centuries more than a century before.

And now for how the believer, the skeptic and the expert in ESP would interpret these ten mysterious tales.

Dr. Rhine's Case.

Believer's explanation: The spirit of the dead brother flew at the instant of death to his distant sister and showed her the death scene.

Skeptic's explanation: The sister probably had guilty knowledge of the suicide or probable suicide, and was merely pretending to have dreamed it.

ESP explanation: The sister's mind in some mysterious but not supernatural way was able to perceive accurate details of what was happening far away, just as the successful students of ESP with cards gain knowledge of unseen symbols.

CASE NO. 1.

Believer's explanation: God, or some other celestial power miraculously informed the Centurion of who and where St. Peter was.

Skeptic's explanation: If the story is to be trusted at all the Centurion probably had been told by someone about Peter and his whereabouts but had forgotten the source of this information, just as authors often imagine quite honestly as their own something they previously have read.

ESP explanation: The Centurion's mind and Peter's mind may have been in unconscious communication with each other just as information about cards known to one person in an ESP experiment may be guessed correctly by another person.

CASE NO. 2.

Believer's explanation: The spirit of the long-dead priest appeared to Professor Hilprecht in his dream and told him the secret.

Skeptic's explanation: Professor Hilprecht himself had perceived the possibility of this explanation but had not recognized it consciously. During sleep his unconscious mind presented the idea in his dream.

ESP explanation: The former state of the fragments, fitted together properly, was perceived by ESP, just as cards laid out in the past sometimes can be guessed correctly.

CASE NO. 3.

Believer's explanation: Swedenborg was in communication with disembodied spirits (as he himself asserted) and they told him of the fire.

Skeptic's explanation: Swedenborg may have seen a hint of reflection in the sky and guessed at a fire, or, even without the reflection, he may have suspected that a fire was probable because of lack of suitable precautions to prevent it. Details of his supposed feat being supplied afterward by careless witnesses.

ESP explanation: Swedenborg was good at ESP and learned of the fire in that way, precisely as some of Dr. Rhine's subjects have guessed cards at a distance.

CASE NO. 4.

Believer's explanation: There is a rapport between living people and their guardian, or other spirits, so that the spirits often pass on information that is true although perhaps unimportant.

Skeptic's explanation: The thought that the cow might die, and that this would be a family misfortune, passed through Dr. Riley's mind by accident. This became emphasized and unconsciously exaggerated when he later found that the cow had died.

ESP explanation: News of the cow's death came to Dr. Riley by ESP, either through perception of the dead cow itself or of the mental distress of the family.

CASE NO. 5.

Believer's explanation: Some helpful and just-dealing spirit sent Mrs. Mulligan a true dream of where the criminal was.

Skeptic's explanation: Mrs. Mulligan found the house by accident, or someone had given her a hint which did not register immediately and was later converted into the dream by her subconsciousness.

ESP explanation: She saw the house by ESP.

CASE NO. 6.

Believer's explanation: The spirits of Mrs. Haldane and Mr. Morris were in what is called "rapport" or spiritual contact, and his spirit told hers of the missing mail.

Skeptic's explanation: A thought of lost mail is natural in the case of an expedition at such distance. This thought occurred to Mrs. Haldane accidentally, alleged details being manufactured afterward, unconsciously, when the real facts had become known.

ESP explanation: The letters that had been stolen and later recovered and which presumably again were on their way to her, perceived by ESP.

CASE NO. 7.

Believer's explanation: Disembodied spirits know everything. One of them must have communicated the true facts to Dean Swift, possibly in a dream.

Skeptic's explanation: It is known that Chinese astronomers had much knowledge about the planets long before the rise of European astronomy. Some traveler may have brought back news of the two real moons of Mars and told the Dean.

ESP explanation: The Dean sensed the real facts by ESP, like reading a distant card.

CASE NO. 8.

Believer's explanation: Spirits that were watching over the lives of Dr. Stone and his wife provided the message that brought them together in the emergency.

Skeptic's explanation: In his anxiety, Dr. Stone went back to the window again and again, knowing that to be the one place where his wife would look for him. He merely has forgot the occasions when she was not there and remembered the one when she was.

ESP explanation: Dr. Stone perceived his wife's presence by ESP, just as he might have guessed one of Dr. Rhine's cards.

CASE NO. 9.

Believer's explanation: For some reason, the spirits of Marie Antoinette or others appeared to the two visitors and showed them a vision of how the neighborhood once had looked.

Skeptic's explanation: Both women presumably had been reading the history of Paris as a preliminary to their visit. They were excited and possibly overtired. One or both of them had some kind of momentary hallucination, later reinforced by mutual discussion and magnified by a desire to be interesting and by an unscrupulous memory.

ESP explanation: Since ESP seems to be at least partly independent of time, it is not impossible that the two girls did perceive fragments of a scene a century before.

There are ten mysterious cases and three possible or at least imaginable "explanations" of each of them. The reader, believer, skeptic or neither, may take his choice.

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Walnuts for the Feast

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

NUTS, and particularly walnuts, are the traditional top-off to Thanksgiving and other holiday feasts. Whatever the other courses on the menu, there must be nuts for the final tidbit, to make a pleasurable accompaniment to leisurely conversation and good cheer.

We call the large, creamy, wrinkled nut with the sweet interior the "English walnut." Actually, this handsome food-bearing tree originated in Persia and Greece, and even eastward to the Himalayas. But since the nuts of these trees were first carried in commerce by English ships, they became known as "English walnuts." Today, however, the bulk of the shell nut crop eaten in this country is grown in California.

The consumer who likes to learn the actual food values of the products she provides for her family will be interested to know that walnuts are high in the important minerals of calcium, iron and phosphorus, and that they contain both Vitamins A and B. Like other nuts, the walnut is rich in protein and is therefore a meat-equivalent: it contains 14% protein, 12.8% starch, 67% oil and the balance in water.

But whatever their food value and it is a high one—we usually eat walnuts because they taste good, and because we enjoy crunching their crisp kernels. And this chewing exercise in itself starts the flow of digestive juices and thus aids digestion. That's doubtless why walnuts are so often included at the end of the meal—to act as a natural pepsin.

There is no more suitable way to serve walnuts than to heap them in a graceful nut bowl of silver, pottery or copper, and, placed between tall candles, they add a rich touch to the holiday table appointments.

Nutcrackers should be passed with the nuts, and the proficient eater can so crack his nut that it falls into two halves. If, in the kitchen, a small hammer is used to break the shells, the walnut should be held firmly with the flat end on the cracking surface, and struck sharply on the point.

Salted or spiced nuts are also appropriate, used either alone as fillers for the individual nut basket or other table favor, or with raisins. There are also several delicious ways of preparing walnuts in fondant or other candy mixture, also suitable for fancy table tidbits, such as the filled walnuts described below.

Another valuable quality of walnuts is their texture. Thus, when added to fruit sauce, pie filling, pudding, etc., the finished dish becomes more interesting and more pleasant to chew. They may also be added to cranberry sauce, marmalade or jams and, of course, to cookies and cakes.

There is always a big call for cake and cookies to offer guests during the holidays. So, prepare a large loaf cake rich with walnuts, or a spice cake full of their good crunchiness, or a batch of assorted cookies, some of which are stuffed with the oily richness which only walnuts can give.

And holidays also demand stuffings, so try a walnut stuffing for your next turkey, chicken or guinea hen, and listen to your family exclaim with delight.

Since walnuts contain so much protein, they may well be utilized in many recipes which commonly call for meat, such as stuffed peppers, tomatoes or squash. And in other vegetarian dishes, such as walnut meat loaf, cheese, and walnut roast, carrot walnut loaf, etc., the nuts replace meat and give a substantial quality to vegetable meals.

In cold weather the wise manager varies the breads served, because there is a tendency to monotony when the same type loaf is always served. A walnut loaf bread, for example, or a raisin or prune loaf are delicious changes, and especially good for Sunday breakfast or tea. Thinly sliced and lightly spread with softened cream cheese, such nut breads are welcome to family and guests alike.

Puddings, also, come into their own at holiday time, and a simple meal may be made exciting by the fancy-molded steam pudding dessert. A chocolate pudding is made richer when a cup of chopped nuts is added to the mix, while the traditional mince pie or tart can well include a small portion of minced nuts to make for perfection. Even the economical fruit brown betty gains when walnuts are added.

All through Thanksgiving to New Year's, candy-making is a popular indoor sport. By careful following of good recipes with attention to detail, the home-made candy can be a real treat. And many, indeed, are the delectable candies made with walnuts and other nuts.

By making several varieties and wrapping, cutting, flavoring and coloring differently, a choice assortment of attractively-wrapped gifts—glossy papers and shiny ribbons to the fore—may be secured at little cost or effort. Let your kitchen help you with your Christmas gifts!

The best grades of walnuts are protected by label on each nut. Just now, the new crop of the year is ready at all dealers. They may be purchased by the pound or in larger quantities, or in sanitary cans already shelled for convenience. The small 3-ounce can contains about ¾ cup of kernels, while the 8-ounce can contains 2 cups.

Both come in very handy when there is baking to do in a hurry. But, of course, the walnuts in their shells are always safe as to quality, and it's fun to shell your own, whether for pie, pudding or just eating plain.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Grapes, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Rice Muffins, Milk or Coffee.	Prunes, Whole Grain Cereal, Philadelphia Scrapple, Reheated Rolls, Coffee Substitute.	Oranges, Cereal, Dried Beef Omelet, Corn Muffins, Coffee.	Bananas with Orange or Lemon Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Cream, French Toast, Fruit Marmalade, Coffee.	Canned or Fresh Pineapple, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Waldorf Style, Glazed Currant Buns, Coffee.	Apple Sauce, Cereal, Cream, Potatoes Hashed with Sausage, Melba Toast, Milk or Coffee Substitute.	Grapefruit, Cereal, Cream, Poached Eggs, Toasted Left-Over Muffins, Butter, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Italian Spaghetti, Apple, Nut and Celery Salad, Salad Dressing, Sour Milk Gingerbread with Banana Sauce, Tea.	Scalloped Lima Beans and Tomatoes, Jellied Vegetable Salad, Salad Dressing, Swedish Bread, Steamed Fruit Roll, Fruit Sauce, Tea.	Creole Gumbo, Pear and Cheese Salad, Salad Dressing, French Rolls, Apricot Marmalade, Tea.	Cup, Corn and Bean Succotash, Buttered Beets, Ice-Box Rolls, Cinnamon Toast, Cocoa.	Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Scalloped Deviled Cheese, Buttered Beet Greens, Toasted Crackers, Tea.	Corn Chowder, Tongue Sandwiches, Caramel Coffee Cream, Jelly with Whipped Cream, Cookies, Tea with Lemon.	Clear Soup, Toasted Crackers, Roast Fillet of Veal with Francoinia Potatoes, Buttered Asparagus, Spanish Onions, Tomato Salad, Salad Dressing, Ice-Box Cake (Prepared on Saturday), Half Cups Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Veal Chops with Vegetable Casserole, Sweet Potato Balls, Spiced Crabapples, Fruit Gelatin with Cream, Chocolate Brownies.	Grapefruit Juice, Hamburg Steak Patties with Brown Mushroom Gravy, Potatoes, Glazed Onions, Celery, Raw Carrot Straws, Washington Cream Pie	Tomato Juice Cocktail, Boiled Beef Tongue with Raisin Sauce, Steamed Potatoes (White or Sweet), Buttered Brussels Sprouts, Lettuce Salad with Savory Dressing, Black-and-White Pudding, Coffee.	Salsbury Steak with Horseradish Sauce, French-Fried Bananas, Riced Potatoes (White or Sweet), Green Beans, Cranberry Pie.	Rose Apples, Broiled Fish, Philadelphia Relish Sauce, Steamed Potatoes, Steamed Spinach, Lemon Meringue Pudding.	New England Boiled Dinner, Southern Cornbread, Pumpkin Pie with Honey Topping.	Cream of Potato Soup, Apple Sauce, Waffle Toast with Cinnamon Butter.

Holiday Walnut Dishes

Walnut Poultry Dressing: Turkey or chicken giblets, 1 minced onion, 1 bay leaf, 1 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon salt, 2 tablespoons poultry seasoning, 4 tablespoons melted fat, 1 large loaf stale white bread, 2 cups walnuts chopped fine. Cook giblets with onion and bay leaf in boiling water until tender. Remove giblets and chop. Add seasonings to water with melted fat, chopped giblets and walnuts. Tease or pick bread into small bits. Add all other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Stuff into fowl.

Walnut and Cheese Loaf: ½ pound grated American cheese, 1 cup walnuts chopped coarsely, 1½ cups soft bread-crumbs, 1 cup milk, 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper. Combine all ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack into greased brick loaf. Bake about 45 minutes in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees. Serve with thinned tomato soup as sauce. Serves 6.

Maple Walnut Wafers: 2 egg yolks, beaten thick and lemon-colored, ½ cup white sugar, ¾ cup brown sugar, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 10 tablespoons sifted flour, grains salt, 1 teaspoon maple flavoring, 2 egg whites, beaten stiff. Cream yolks with both sugars and add nuts. Add flour sifted with salt, and flavoring. Fold in stiffly-whipped whites. Drop from teaspoon on greased baking sheet. Bake about 10 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees.

Walnut Holiday Spice Cake: ½ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 beaten egg, 3 cups sifted cake flour, 1½ teaspoons baking soda, ¾ teaspoon allspice, ¾ teaspoon cloves, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup sour milk, ½ cup seeded raisins, ½ cup seedless raisins, ½ cup chopped walnuts. Proceed as with usual butter cake, adding raisins and walnuts, dredged with flour, last. Bake in 10-inch greased tube pan 50 to 60 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Cover with white frosting and garnish with walnut halves and candied cherries.

Sugared Walnuts: 1½ cups sugar, ¼ cup honey, ½ cup water, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 3 cups walnut kernels. Combine sugar, honey and water and cook to 242 degrees, or soft ball stage. Remove from heat. Add vanilla and walnuts and stir until syrup becomes creamy and thick. Turn onto waxed paper to harden, then break into individual pieces. May be colored and flavored differently as with grated orange, cinnamon, chocolate, etc. Makes about 1½ pounds.

Filled Walnuts: ⅔ cup evaporated milk, 2 cups sugar, 1 tablespoon white corn syrup, ½ tablespoon butter, 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, 1½ teaspoons vanilla, 6 dozen walnut kernels. Cook milk, sugar, syrup and butter, stirring occasionally to 238 degrees, or soft ball stage. Remove from heat. Pour on chilled platter. Cool, without stirring, at room temperature. In double boiler, melt chocolate and add vanilla. Add candy and beat until thick. Knead until smooth. Let stand 24 hours in covered jar. Roll into balls. Press 2 walnuts onto each ball. Makes 36 balls.

Fig-Men Place Cards

HAVE the little fig-men place cards made and ready to use at the last moment. To make them: Cut small square or rectangular pieces of soft wood that does not have any odor or taste. The pieces should not be more than two or three inches square or long and not more than ¾ inch thick. Insert two three-inch wire nails in each board. Using the nails as a foundation, build up little men or women figures with bits of dried apricot or almonds for feet, raisins for legs, prunes for trousers or skirts, figs for bodies, raisins secured with toothpicks for arms and bits of apricot or almonds for hands, raisins for necks and marshmallows for heads. Make hair or bonnets with chocolate melted over hot water and make eyes and eyebrows with the chocolate. Bright red vegetable coloring can be used for the nose and mouth. With just a little practice very amusing expressions can be given the little faces. A few hours before using, ice the top of the tiny boards with thick white confectioner's frosting and sprinkle with granulated sugar.

Amazing discovery!

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in your home

Just what every good housekeeper has always wanted! A way to kill all odors, leave no odor. It's Sanovan—fast, safe, easy, amazingly effective. Every home needs it for cooking smells, bathroom, sickroom, drains, nine hundred other uses. Marvelous for cleaning, too. Now on sale at air-conditioning spray and 45 cent Sanovan package for only 49 cents at drug and department stores. For folder, write Cosmos Chemical Corporation, 81 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

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KILLS ALL ODORS — LEAVES NO ODOR

Stop *that* Scratching
RELIEVE ITCHING *In One Minute*

Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and many other skin affections, quickly yields to Dr. Dennis' famous pure cooling, antiseptic liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it or your money back. Ask for generous

D.D.D. *Prescription*

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when you put your child to bed!

Every mother can be happy when she knows her babies have protection. Especially at bedtime, how will appreciate knowing that diaper rash is relieved without scratching. Soothe the tender skin and tortured, by DR. DRAKE'S famous GLESSCO ointment. Like other products Dr. Drake has made, you will want to have a bottle of Glessco always at hand for protection. A penny usually for 10 years. Get the generous trial bottle only 10c. Mail postcard for a free sample. The Glessco Co., Dept. D, Peoria, Ill.

Dr. Drake's GLESSCO

"SKIN SUCCESS" OINTMENT shows excellent results for certain types of SKIN IRRITATIONS, due to external causes. Use for itching, on scalp, feet, and other parts of the body, as well as on the face. Soothes itching, helps clear surface pimples. Heals heads, complexion blemishes. 25c at druggists everywhere.

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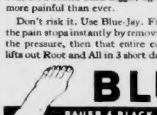
CORNS COME BACK BIGGER—UGLIER
—unless removed Root and All

PARING corns at home, which merely trims the surface, is often the cause of serious infection. Soon that corn comes back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever.

Don't risk it. Use Blue-Jay. First the pain stops instantly by removing the pressure, then that entire corn lifts out Root and All in 3 short days (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application).

Blue-Jay is a small scientifically medicated plaster. Easy to use. Held snugly in place by Wet-Pruf adhesive. 25c for a package of 6.



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BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC **CORN PLASTERS**

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IT'S a mistake to experiment on yourself. But it's worse to "try out" an unknown medicine on children. Always consult your family doctor.

There is no such thing as a "bargain" in unknown remedies — no matter how little you pay.

That is true especially of "Milk of Magnesia"— so often given to children. The brand known to doctors and public alike for 50 years is "PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia." That is the brand to ask for at the store — PHILLIPS' — because it is safe for children.

Children often like Phillips' in the newer form — the tiny, peppermint flavored tablets they chew like candy. Each one equals a teaspoonful of the liquid. A tin of 30 costs only 25¢.

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To Carry With You

Now made in tiny tablets—each equivalent to one teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

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the GAME that Gets 'em going!

NOTHING can equal this new game sensation for freeing up a dull party ... nothing like it for keeping the youngsters (and oldsters) at home. Once you start you can't stop for 6-3, 6 picks at the 6 minute. Millions are playing it. Everyone is talking about it. Follow the crowd, share their fun, and get your set today. Stores and toy counters everywhere. 2.5c, 50c, $1.

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Lane Co., Dept. 191, Providence, R. I.

Extending the Flavor With Rice

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

RICE is the basic diet of over half of the people of the world. It is a comparatively inexpensive source of energy and heat, and has the great advantage of combining in a most satisfying way with dozens of other foods.

There is no limit to the number of combinations with meats, vegetables, fruits and milk. Only the imagination of the homemaker limits such combinations. There is no sure road to success in rice cookery.

There is one rule, however, that is all-important: Do not overcook. If it seems necessary to stir it to prevent sticking or burning, carefully stir with a fork. This is true of all groups, whether long grain, medium grain or short grain.

Each of these groups contains many varieties, and there are several grades in each variety. The nutritive value of all varieties and grades is approximately the same, about 1600 calories to the pound. The following general directions are given by a company handling hundreds of thousands of pounds of rice each year:

Wash 1 cup rice thoroughly in several waters, until all the loose starch is removed. Drain. Add 1 tablespoon salt to 2 quarts boiling water and slowly drop the rice into the boiling salted water. A tiny piece of lard is sometimes added to reduce the tendency of the rice to boil over. Boil from 12 to 25 minutes, or until a grain, when pressed between the thumb and the finger, is soft. When sufficiently tender, turn the rice into a colander or sieve.

A little hot water may be run through the rice to wash off any extra starch.

After the water has drained off, cover with a cloth and set over a pan of hot water on the back of the stove. If cooked in hard water, add 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, or 1 tablespoon vinegar to the water to insure a snowy-white rice.

Cream of Rice Soup.

WASH 2 tablespoons rice and cook with 2½ cups milk in covered double boiler over hot water until rice is very soft. Press through sieve and return to double boiler. Add a slice of onion and 2 cloves. Cover and cook over hot water for 15 minutes. Remove onion and cloves. Add 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt and few grains paprika. Add hot milk to make 2 cups of soup. Serve hot. This soup may be varied by adding ½ cup strained vegetable puree (asparagus, spinach, tomato, corn, celery, oyster plant, etc.). Chicken and rice soup may be made by adding 1 cup of well-seasoned strained and skimmed chicken stock and diced boiled chicken. Double this recipe if larger quantity is desired.

Rice and Oyster Fricassee.

WASH 1 cup rice. Cook in 2 cups boiling salted water until tender. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 3 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 minced onion. Cook until soft and yellow. Scald 1 pint oysters. Add the oyster liquor and 1 pint milk to the butter mixture, stirring constantly until creamy and smooth. Add scalded oysters. Simmer gently 5 minutes. Have ready 6 hard-cooked eggs and cut them in halves. Lightly pile the hot cooked rice on a serving dish. Sprinkle with paprika. Surround with the eggs. Pour the hot oysters over the eggs. Garnish with crisp parsley. Serve immediately.

Creole Shrimp and Rice.

COOK 2 sliced onions and 4 finely-chopped stalks of celery until delicately browned in 2 tablespoons butter. Add 1 tablespoon flour and 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper and blend well. Add 1 cup water and 2 teaspoons chili powder and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Cook over hot water or very low heat 15 minutes. Add 2 cups tomatoes, 2 cups cooked peas, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar and 1½ cups cooked shrimps. Reheat over hot water. Lightly pack 3 cups hot boiled rice into a ring mold. Turn out on serving platter. Surround with the shrimp mixture. Garnish with crisp parsley.

Salmon and Rice Loaf

HAVE ready 2 cups hot boiled rice. Add 2 tablespoons butter to the rice. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 cup milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add 2 cups minced or flaked salmon, 1 teaspoon onion juice, 1 slightly-beaten egg, and salt and pepper to taste. Line a buttered loaf pan with the prepared rice. Fill the dish with the fish mixture. Spread rice over the top. Set the dish in a pan of hot water and bake gently until delicately firm. Serve hot with creamed or buttered peas, tomato sauce, curry sauce or egg sauce. Garnish with crisp parsley.

Swiss Steak With Rice.

SPRINKLE a 2-pound slice of round steak with 2 teaspoons salt, a few grains pepper and 1 cup flour. Pound the flour into the meat. Continue pounding until all the flour is used. Brown 4 or 5 sliced onions in ¼ cup lard. Remove onions from pan. Brown the steak in the same pan. Place the meat in a roasting pan. Cover with the browned onions. Rinse the pan in which the onions and meat were browned, with a little hot water, and pour it over the meat. There should be enough water to cover the meat. Add a piece of bay leaf and a clove of garlic. Cover closely and bake in a moderate oven or at about 350 degrees, for 2 hours, or until meat is tender. Add 1 cup carefully-washed rice and 1 pint tomato juice. Cover and continue baking 1 hour. Place on a large serving dish and garnish with 2 or 3 cups cooked green string-beans and a few crisp sprigs of parsley.

Pocket of Veal with Rice.

HAVE your butcher remove bone from veal breast or shoulder. Mix ½ cup cooked rice, 1 pound ground lean pork shoulder, or sausage, 1 minced onion, salt and pepper to taste and, if desired, a little powdered sage. Boil the bones with 1 sliced onion and strain the stock. Stuff the pocket or cavity in the veal with the rice mixture. Sew with coarse white thread, rub with salt and sprinkle with paprika. Spread with softened butter. Place in a roasting pan, add 2 cups of the bone stock and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, for 2 hours. Remove the meat and thicken the gravy with a little browned flour. Serve on hot platter with hot steamed rice. Add cooked chopped mushrooms to the gravy if you like the flavor.

Spanish Rice.

COOK 1 pound diced round steak with 1 tablespoon fat and 1 tablespoon minced onion until delicately browned. Add 2 cups cooked rice, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 1 cup cooked celery, 3 teaspoons favorite catsup and 1½ cups hot water or stock. Turn into buttered baking dish. Bake in a modern oven or at about 350 degrees, until meat is tender.

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To make teeth brilliant, your smile truly attractive, gums too must be cared for. You cannot trust to half-way measures. Begin the two-way care dentists advise, tonight.

1. **Clean teeth** by brushing all surfaces with Forhan's in the usual manner.
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Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, sour teeth gleam.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was developed by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums. It contains a special ingredient found in no other tooth paste. Kind *both* ways. Get a tube of Forhan's today! Also sold in Canada.

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American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3769 LOOKING SLIM IS EASY WHEN YOU WEAR SUCH A FLATTERING FROCK AS THIS WITH DRAPED BODICE AND INTERESTING WAISTLINE. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3767 COLORFUL BUTTONS ADD A TOUCH OF SPICE TO THIS TRIMLY TAILORED FROCK. IDEAL IN WOOL OR BRIGHT SYNTHETIC. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch fabric.

Pattern 3765 AN IDEAL GIFT FOR A YOUNGSTER'S CHRISTMAS. THIS EASY-TO-STITCH DOLL WARDROBE! MAKE IT OF COLORFUL COTTON SCRAPS. Designed for dolls measuring 16, 18, 22 and 24 inches. For individual yardages see pattern.

Pattern 3697—WHAT COULD BE A DAINTIER DECORATION FOR YOUR FAVORITE CHAIR THAN THIS "BUTTERFLY" SET OF FILET CROCHET? Pattern 3697 contains chart and directions for making the set shown (also suitable for buffet sets and scarf ends). Illustrations of the stitches needed; material requirements.

Pattern 3768—SMARTEST IN SCHOOL IS LITTLE MARY-JANE FROCKED IN HER SAUCY JUMPER MODEL THAT MAY VARY ITS BLOUSE. Designed for children's sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 6, blouse, requires 1¼ yards 36-inch fabric; jumper, 1 yard 54-inch fabric.

Pattern 3766 — EVER SEE SUCH A JOLLY AT-HOME ENSEMBLE AS THIS? CONTRAST YOUR FROCK AND ITS DETACHABLE APRON IF YOU'D LOOK GAY! Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch fabric.

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SLIM AND YOUNG AGAIN

THANKS TO RY-KRISP

says lovely Marion Talley

REDUCING IS EASY THE RY-KRISP WAY

"Follow the Hollywood Habit if you really want to streamline your figure," advises lovely Marion Talley. "Eat sensibly—exercise moderately and eat Ry-Krisp at every meal. That's the plan I followed and I now weigh just 107 pounds." Ry-Krisp (Scandinavian style bread) is important in this reducing program because each delicious wafer contains only 20 calories. "Once you taste Ry-Krisp," says Miss Talley, "you'll want to eat it morning, noon and night—and once the family starts on Ry-Krisp, there'll be no stopping them." Begin today to enjoy the brittle crispness and teasing flavor of Ry-Krisp—and follow the Hollywood Habit to youthful slenderness.

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Anyheet Control Silex, black trim, $4.95 red trim, $7.45. Other Electric Table Models $4.95 up. Kitchen Range Models $2.95 up.

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THERE IS ONLY ONE Genuine SILEX GLASS COFFEE MAKER

Brewing completed without removing glass from stove

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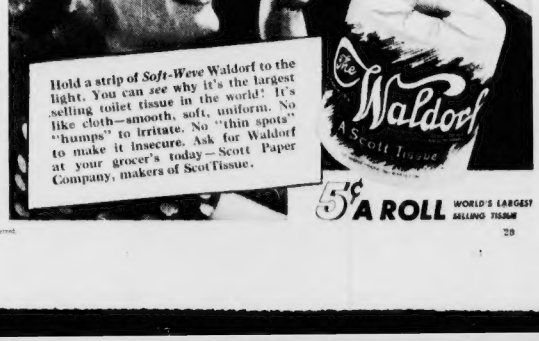
Hold a strip of Soft-Weve Waldorf to the light. You can see why it's the largest selling toilet tissue in the world! It's like cloth—smooth, soft, uniform. No "humps" to irritate. No "thin spots" to make it insecure. Ask for Waldorf at your grocer's today—Scott Paper Company, makers of Scot Tissue.
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WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TISSUE

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PARAMOUNT GIVES YOU "EBB TIDE"...THE FIRST SEA PICTURE IN *Color!*

The story of a man who thought he was God!...

HUISH, the little Cockney had sobered up long enough to take a fling at stopping this madman with the rifle. Now he lay, dying a rat's death in a pool of vitriol. Thorbecke, outcast of the Seven Seas, had done the same. Now his hands pointed in mute surrender at the cobalt heaven of this island of pearls. Only Herrick was left to defend the girl against this man who thought he was God. Herrick! University man turned beach-comber. The madman's gun lifted again, cocked. The girl saw his eyes, the eyes of a devil. The gun leveled . . . the shot rang out.

HAD THE MADMAN WON? Had Huish's pitiful little life been tossed on the lap of the gods in vain? Had Thorbecke brought them through the fury of the hurricane for this? Was Herrick to lose his one last chance to prove himself a man? Was this beautiful white girl to descend into the pit of a madman's private hell forever?

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A Lucien Hubbard Production with Lloyd Nolan · Barry Fitzgerald

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Directed by JAMES HOGAN · Photographed in Technicolor
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